The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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HOW SHE REVENGED HERSELF UPON HER TRADUCER.

Used a Policeman's Truncheon on his Head.

The Mirror of Life

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. BOYCE (Belfast).—We shall be pleased to see you at the time stated.

JAMES CALVERT (Leeds). — See answer to Malta.

GASSIE (Malta).—John L. Sullivan was champion of America, not of the world.

MALTA.—1. When Fitz fought Corbett he weighed 11st 3½lb. 2. No weights were announced when Fitzsimmons fought Jeffries. It is said Fitz weighed 12st 2lb, Jeffries 14st 10lb.

J. J. (Penycal).—Photos received will be published shortly.

W. HUDSON.—1. Never more than twenty rounds. 2. At present the rules are: If twenty rounds, 2min each; if fifteen rounds, 3min. 3. Choice. 4. He is official.

C. GRIFFITHS.—How could he, if it was a draw?

T. O. M.—1. Letters received. 2. We will give it our attention.

D. F.—1. The record is in "Fistiana." 2. Not many.

H. DEARDEN.—At Wembley Park.

J. WILLIAMS.—Seven rounds, at the National Sporting Club.

T. EVANS.—1. It ended in a draw. 2. Yes, write.

C. PUFF.—In Ring Records, sold at this office.

T. SAFFORD.—1. La Fleche won all three races mentioned. 2. No second.

A. BYRNES.—1. Advertise it for sale. 2. We cannot place a price upon it.

F. THATCH.—1. Lady Combermere covered twenty miles in one hour. 2. We should say not.

W. R. E.—His last three contests have resulted in defeats.

J. REDMOND.—There is no record for that distance.

T. FROST.—Flannagan is champion.

H. BURTON.—Not enough runners for 1, 2, 3.

W. ROLEY.—W. Howes, at the Agricultural Hall.

T. WING.—Miss Finney.

T. PETERS.—He won all three engagements.

G. BENNETT.—1. The man calling "abundance" would be entitled to play. 2. In this order: First player, "I propose," "solo," "abundance," while these will give way to misere.

H. WYATT.—He increased so quickly that he could not do the weight.

R. C.—The horse was bred in America.

G. MENZIES.—The Orleans Club against Rickling Green made 920 runs August 3, 1882.

S. P. C.—1. Height of the hurdles was 3ft. 6in. 2. With a stride, not a jump.

D. E.—Tom Spring beat Jack Langan on Worcester racecourse on January 7, 1824.

AMATEUR.—The difference in their heights would be three inches.

CABBAGE.—1. He visited Cardiff before he fought Corbett. 2. 5ft 10 in.

PRINTER (S. London).—Frank Erne defeated "Kid" Lavigne for the light-weight championship of the world.

FRANK.—In New York.

W. RADBURN.—He is travelling with a boxing booth.

E. R.—1. Letter too late for insertion. 2. No.

CLOVER.—1. They have not held any assault-at-arms recently. 2. We cannot say. 3. You who are on the spot should know best.

W. DEAN.—Four players is the correct number.

H. J. PHILPOTT.—He won in 1897.

(Several Answers crowded out).

MORE ABOUT THE McGOVERN v. ERNE CONTEST.

AMERICAN POLICE PROTECTION AND ENGLISH POLICE NON-INTERVENTION.

THE ENGLISH LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION AND THE AMERICAN BANTAM CHAMPION.

FITZSIMMONS AND HIS FORFEITS TO RUHLIN AND SHARKEY.

ONE thing in connection with the Terry McGovern v. Frank Erne contest shows how different boxing is carried on in the States in contradistinction to its management in the old country. In America the Chief of Police was present, and when he found that 200 of his janissaries were insufficient he requisitioned 100 more emergency men. Compare this state of things with those practised in England when boxing threatened to take a new lease of existence in this country. When Frank Slavin encountered William (Chesterfield) Goode at old Astley's Theatre, any number of race course ruffians were let in on to the stage by a side entrance. Seeing these heads, we knew there would be trouble if one person — the stranger—happened to win. In fact, this had been previously announced at such places as the "Cri" and the "Pic." Observing the danger, the late Frank Hinde called a posse of police, who stood guard round the ring, but their numbers were insufficient to protect the public, although we think the winning boxer would have been murdered or seriously injured but for their presence. At the next show at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, the powers that be withdrew pol cely protection from boxing, with the result that some of the most daring desperadoes in London led by a miscreant who single-handed would not have encountered a determined well-groyn lad, made their way into the stalls of the Aquarium and levied blackmail on the bookies and other persons present, even taking *vi et armis* the pins, chains, watches, or other jewellery exposed to view. The boxers on the stage were asked to protect their profession from these rampers. Said the late Frank Hinde: "They are ruining your game, why do you not go down and stop them?" And will it be believed, not a boxer stirred, even when the old doorkeeper, who had stopped these miscreants entering the ring at racecourse meetings, and thus become the object of their spite, was being almost murdered. When this dastardly work, owing to the withdrawal of policely protection, was done, the police were active enough afterwards in bringing the chief of these scoundrels to justice. He whined in the dock like a whipped cur, and brought an attenuated-looking woman, with a babe at her breast, said to be his wife, to plead for him. Eighteen months was a sentence which should have been years.

What a contrast did this McGovern v. Erne match present. Relieved from sordid surroundings, in a hall pitched right in the heart of wealth and fashion, the American Corinthian element assembled, and ramping rowdyism and annoyance was prevented by the sight of the majesty of the law which those three hundred policemen represented. There were fifteen thousand spectators inside the hall, and as many more outside clamouring for admittance; three hundred policemen among such a mob would have been as far removed from each other as the fruit in a workhouse pudding; but their presence was sufficient to preserve an order which made the big hall resemble a chapel and the spectators a congregation of enthusiastic worshippers. If policely recognition of boxing works so well in America why should it not work well in England? Outside the sport at the N.S.C. spectators of boxing at other shows are left entirely unprotected, except for a few special constables in the shape of some out-of-work boxers, for whom the rampers and disturbers of the peace have not the slightest respect. For any amusement outside boxing an application to the police station in which district the proceedings are to be carried out, produces the requisite supply of police—at a price—but to no boxing show will these myrmidons of the law lend their presence, even if murder is being committed (we have reason to know this)—and yet boxing is one of the paramount sports of the age.

In support of our assertion, we may mention that there were fifteen thousand persons in the big hall in Madison Square Garden, and about fifteen thousand more outside waiting for news or unable to get in to witness the encounter. And what was the nature, we ask, of the exciting event which drew this enormous crowd together? Was it a match between two heavy-weight champions, both trained to the hour, and equally skilled? No, nothing of the sort. It was a contest of ten rounds in which a light-weight champion was to put a bantam-champion out or be adjudged to lose the contest. If this does not show the popularity of boxing, what will? Then, as shown by the above, if boxing is one of the most popular sports in existence when the game is properly carried out, why should not this sport have the same amount of police protection as that given to other sports by no means so popular.

Frank Erne, in his overweening confidence, was accessory to his own downfall. Had the light-weight champion made the match for a stipulated number of rounds and left the knock-out part of the business out of the transaction, he might have stood a chance by keeping away from his fiery opponent, and playing out time by getting a little one in now and then; but when the match was made for the knock-out to be administered in a certain number of rounds, or its failure to be indicative of a lost battle, Frank Erne had to sail in and do it, and this like one of those war campaigns planned by our generals in South Africa was a failure. Like eating rice on paper; but quite a different thing when the theoretical business was put into actual experience it did not come off. Erne must have seen in the first round that he had made a bad match. He put all the power of which he was possessed behind the blow which struck Terry McGovern fairly and squarely on the jaw. Erne could never hope for a better blow than this. Down went Terry to the boards; and there Terry remained while the timekeeper ticked off the requsite number of seconds. When number nine was reached, McGovern sprung up like Anteas, the famous wrestler of heathen mythology, who was refreshed by contact with his Mother Earth. Erne must have known if this blow did not do the trick he had small chance during the rest of the journey, and so it proved. We don't think it adds to the dignity of the position of the referee to be constantly pulling one boxer from another, as though the lads were bits of hardbake stuck together by the hot weather. There are certain rules laid down in boxing, and disqualification should follow one or two cautions, not constant trotting round the boxers as though in a circus, and a series of violent separations. Erne hugged desperately to avoid punishment, and it was quite an exertion on the part of the referee to pull Erne away from McGovern. In fact these desperate huggings were quite pathetic, and must have reminded some of the spectators of the old days of slavery, when husbands, by main force, were pulled away from their wives, and vice versa.

"Break away! break away!" cried the referee in utter despair in the third round, for Erne, now seeing the hopelessness of his task, clung tenaciously to McGovern in order to avoid the sledge-hammer-like blows which were making him sick, sore, and bloody. When Erne did eventually break away, after being pulled and abjured by the referee, McGovern did not neglect his opportunity. Right and left went the bantam's fists on either side of Erne's jaw. Two or three of the same quality on the nose almost choked the champion's throat with blood; and McGovern was fast punching Erne into a state of insensibility, when his seconds, more humane than some we have known, threw up the sponge on Erne's behalf. Like Sam Weller when he demolished the beadle, McGovern has demolished an American light-weight champion, and may now be looking round to demolish another. At home we have one always ready to fight for prohibitive stake money (£500). We should very much like to see Terry McGovern try his hand on this bounder — we mean this "*five hundred pounder!*"

Never were there such times as the present in America for boxers. For a contest which was a common event in every field and waste piece of ground about London some forty years ago with knuckles unadorned, fought over a game of chance or some fancied wrong, in which bruises and contusions were the reward of victor, the loser in the late contest of three rounds receives over two thousand pounds sterling, and this in a few minutes. Men are plodding along in business or in trade for years and never realise such a sum. What price a successful tripe dresser, butcher, publican, or baker with a successful boxer? Blueskin says in Ainsworth's novel, "If I were not Blueskin I would be Jack Sheppard," and how many aspiring boxers who cannot be a Terry McGovern would be a Frank Erne, if only to manipulate the American light-weight champion's smaller end of the gate.

The next event of importance at Madison Square Garden will be the contest between "Fitz" and Ruhlin, and judging by the temper of the sporting public the gate should be enormous. There are barely five weeks for the champions to make their hay, and the sun is shining now to such an extent that matches made in one week are almost ripe for contention the next. Thus "Fitz" makes a match with Ruhlin which would ordinarily occupy eighteen months to discuss in the newspapers and travel the country, to come off in three weeks from the signing of articles. Ruhlin and "Fitz" will fight for 50 per cent. of the gross receipts at Madison Square Garden on August 10, Jem Kennedy, the manager of the Twentieth Century Athletic Club having secured the deal. The show was put up for auction, or rather contracts and estimates from the different clubs were sent in. Although the bid of the Twentieth Century was 25 per cent. below that of the Winchester Athletic, the former secured the show, which does not say much for the bona fides of the Winchester Club! "Fitz" evidently means business and intends to rake in the dollars as fast as the short time will allow. Bob has posted his forfeits—real live money—for his two matches with Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey, and, barring accident, they are bound to come off. When pugilism became a penal offence in England, and when persons or companies conveying opponents to a fight were under a penalty of £500, a stampede was made to America, and boxing took firm root in the New Country. Should the same kind of stampede take place from America in this early century as took place from England in the late sixties, the newcomers will find the U.K., as far as pugilism is concerned, as desolate as the great desert of Sahara.

DREADFUL TRAGEDY IN TOULOUSE, FRANCE.

An Actor Shoots his Wife and Commits Suicide.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Two French theatrical artists at Toulouse determined upon suicide, the reason for this has at present failed to be solved. Three months ago they were married in Paris, and appeared a very happy couple, but from the two letters written by the woman, which were found beside their bodies, it appears she allowed her husband to shoot her, and then he quickly put a bullet in his own temple; in both cases death was instantaneous, for on the room door being forced the murderer lay side by side with the wife, whose life he had taken looking as peacefully as if asleep.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny.
Jack O'Donnell (Boston, U.S.A.).
J. H. Martin (Cardiff).
George Gardiner (middle-weight from U.S.A.).
Mr. Owen Kenney (proprietor, Queen City Athletic Club).
Alf Slater ("Old Skiddy").
Mrs. Brooks (alleged queen of the gipsies).
Jack Smith.
Jack Scales.
Alec Reuben.
Ben Jordan (feather-weight champion of England).
Harry Carrington.
John Tuhey.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1900.

THE easy manner in which Terry McGovern defeated Frank Erne, the light-weight champion, at Madison Square Garden Monday night was the sole topic of conversation in sporting circles yesterday. While most of the local sporting men placed their money on Terry, very few expected him to finish Erne so quickly, and not a few of the bettors thought that he would get the decision by staying the ten rounds. the cleverness shown by the feather-weight champion was a surprise even to his friends, and from now on McGovern will be known not only as a fighter, but also as a boxer. McGovern was around town the next morning, and, after a Turkish bath, went to the Brighton Beach races, where he received many congratulations. Among those who complimented him on his victory was Richard Croker, the Tammany chieftain, who occupied an adjoining box. Terry bears no marks of the contest, while Erne is very badly cut up. His nose is hidden by a big plaster, which conceals a deep gash he received in the second round; his left eye is discoloured, and he is more or less bruised all over. He feels his defeat keenly, but has no excuse to offer, and says that he was beaten fairly, and that although McGovern did not win the light-weight championship, he can have it, as Erne intends to leave the ring for ever. After receiving his share of the receipts, Erne left for Fair Haven, N.J., where he will spend the summer. It was said yesterday that the receipts amounted to more than $50,000, and that the fighters divided $25,000 between them. McGovern says he is going to stay in his class, and will not go out of it again unless exceptional inducements are made. Sam Harris, his manager, told me that Terry would keep his word regarding prospective encounters with Jack O'Brien and Oscar Gardner, who challenged the victor before the fight began. If O'Brien comes to 128lb, Harris avers that McGovern will fight him. Terry is also ready to accept the defi of Gardner for a match at 116lb, according to Harris. Those who know McGovern best, however, contend that Sam cannot be sincere, as McGovern would be unable to get to 116lb again. Harris, after the fight, said that if Joe Gans got to 128lb McGovern would also tackle him. Al Herford, Gans's manager, when he heard this, said: "Gans will meet McGovern at 128lb, but at 133lb we will make a match at once." It is possible that Erne and McGovern may meet again at catch-weights. Lou Houseman has offered the pair enticing inducements to fight six rounds at Chicago in September. Harris has accepted, and Erne has yet to be heard from. "Kid" Lavigne, from whom Erne won his title, has returned from Paris. The ex-light-weight champion is looking well, and says that nothing would please him more than to fight McGovern for ten rounds at 128lb.

The defeat of Frank Erne by Terry McGovern still rankles in the light-weight champion's breast, apparently, and he is anxious to redeem himself. Erne has deposited 1,000dols with Jem Corbett to bring about a return match. This time, though, Erne wants the mill to be fought at the light-weight limit, 133lb. In a statement which Erne issued he has this to say:—

I have deposited in the hands of James J. Corbett 1,000dols to bind a match between myself and Terence McGovern for the lightweight championship of the world. Without wishing to take any credit from McGovern for his victory, I can only say I was mistaken in making 128 pounds. I could not do myself justice. I fought at a weight which left me no strength or vitality. However, I am still the lightweight champion, having won that title from George Lavigne, and having successfully defended it four times at the light-weight limit, 133lb. I am certain that so great a fighter as McGovern will not try to claim the light-weight championship, which he has not won as yet. His many friends, however, think that he can beat me at any weight. Therefore there should be no trouble in us getting together at 133lb. My money is now in Mr. Corbett's hands, but any stakeholder agreeable to McGovern is agreeable to me. All I ask is just eight weeks to get ready.

When this statement was brought to the attention of Sam Harris, McGovern's manager, the latter said: "Erne knows that Terry McGovern has been engaged to appear with a melodrama called 'The Bowery After Dark' for the coming season, which opens up in Philadelphia on August 18. Now, in regard to Erne stating that he was weak at 128lb, Erne knows as well as I do that this is not a fact, as his most confidential friends, wagered considerable money before the fight and at the ringside that he would knock out McGovern in less than ten rounds. Erne stated to me personally before and after the fight that he never felt stronger in his life and was sure of defeating Terry. He also stated to me in the presence of his own friends that he was defeated fairly and squarely by a much better man, and that he would give Terry the light-weight championship. He claimed that 128lb at the ringside was his actual fighting weight, and that he would have no excuse to offer if he was defeated. Now, if I can cancel any of McGovern's dates I will be only too pleased to give Erne a return match at 133lb, for I feel confident that Terry can defeat him at any weight."

Terry McGovern may quit the prize ring for a year. He is going on the road with a brand new play, beginning August 18. The play is "The Bowery After Dark," written for him specially by Theodore Kremer. Terry will play the part of a real hero, no make believe about it, and he expects to win honours as an actor. He says he does not intend to elevate the stage, but will wait for the elevation to come to him if the play is a success. In that event he expects to increase his snug fortune by a thousand dollars or so a week.

Sam Harris, McGovern's manager, says Terry's proposed trip to Paris has been abandoned, and since there has been no prospect of a fight within the next several months, he will devote all of Terry's time and attention to the stage. In fact, he does not care to make a match for McGovern for some time.

The Twentieth Century A.C. has secured the battle between Bob Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin. The club offered 50 per cent. of the gross receipts, and this was accepted. The mill is to be pulled off on August 10. When bids were opened yesterday afternoon it was found that the Westchester A.C., Tuckahoe; Sea-Side Sporting Club, and the Twentieth Century A.C. were after the mill. The Westchester A.C. offered 75 per cent.; the Sea-Side Club 49 per cent., and the Twentieth Century club 50 per cent. After a good deal of discussion, both sides accepted the Twentieth club's offer, and to-day Manager Jim Kennedy is the "whole thing" in New York City as far as pulling off the big fight is concerned. Notwithstanding the frantic endeavours of a manager of coloured pugs to crab the game—Tom's dead, Jim's on top. Fitz began training at Bergen Beach on Monday last. His hand is as well as ever, his health is perfect, and his spirits are as light as those of a schoolboy on his vacation. He has erected a tent in his yard, and in the rear of this has constructed an ingenious shower bath tank. It is a large beer-keg with a many-holed sprinkler in the bottom, placed about ten feet from the ground on a skeleton platform. This is filled with water. Fitz stands under, and it empties with a vengeance. The charge lasts two minutes, and the lanky Australian says it gives the best shower bath he ever saw. James J. Corbett and "Kid" McCoy have been matched to fight before the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, and the fight will come off on or about August 25. This is the contest that all lovers of the boxing art have been longing for, and Manager Jim Kennedy is the most pleased man in New York over his success. He expects it to prove twice as strong a drawing-card as the Erne-McGovern match was. Good judges have been pretty evenly divided for several years on the question of which is the cleverer of these two. Their styles are slightly different, though each is an ideal boxer and fighter. McCoy's jabs and hooks are famous, and the apparent ease with which he dodges punishment puzzles even the closest students of the art. He bends a little forward, always having his stomach in mind, lands knock-outs when he appears to be love-tapping, and jumps around with the agility of a grasshopper in a meadow. Corbett is a thing of beauty in the ring, being always spectacular and effective as well. He is careful, but rapid and very scientific. He is not regarded as hard a hitter as Fitzsimmons or Jeffries, but in other ways he is their superior. No man has ever done more to develop the finer points of the art. After his defeat by Sharkey, Corbett was regarded as a back number until his recent meeting with the champion. Then his showing was so brilliant that he won the admiration of friends and foes alike, and long stories of his rejuvenation were published near and far. These star heavy-weights are on the best of terms, so nothing personal enters into the fight. Corbett will train at Deal Beach, and McCoy will prepare somewhere up in Westchester County. No title will go with the victory, but a championship contest would not prove a bigger drawing card. The star bout at the Greenwood A.C. last night brought together Tim Kearns, the Boston light-weight, and Jim Burke, of New York. The bout was scheduled to go twenty rounds, and the weight was 135 pounds at the ringside. The bout ended in the seventh round. Burke was in such bad condition that the referee, to save him from further punishment, stopped the bout and gave the verdict to Kearns.

James J. Corbett denies that he is to meet "Kid" McCoy in a bout at the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, and states that he does not intend to arrange a match with the Hoosier boxer until after he has had a return match with Champion Jeffries. George Considine, manager for Corbett, said yesterday that there was absolutely no truth in the report that the ex-champion had agreed to fight McCoy. "There is only one man in the ring to-day," said Considine, "whom Corbett will meet, and that man is Jeffries. Corbett can beat the champion, and you can state for me that Corbett will positively not fight McCoy."

Three right hand wallops on the jaw disposed of Jemmy Handler last night at the Broadway A.C. Andy Walsh put the Newark slugger out of the session in 51sec of the second round. They clashed at 152lb, and were to have gone twenty-five rounds. Handler never had a look-in. Walsh put it in him in the first round, in which there was much clinching, and in the second it was all up with the Jersey delegate.

THE TATTLER.

REHEARSING A DESPERATE CONFLICT WITH DAGGERS.

The Actors Friends Thought it was Murder.

(Subject of Illustration.)

LOUD voices were heard in altercation, and the visitors who had just arrived did not care to enter the room where the husband and wife by the high toned voices in anger, villain, monster, wretch, &c., were the epithets the woman hurled at her husband, and his reply in deeper tones of murder intent made the visitors outside the door quake in their shoes, and more horrified still when on opening the door wife and husband stood opposed to each other dagger in hand, as though one stab would have but a fatal ending. On seeing their visitors enter, and looking aghast they both burst into laughter, and explained the situation by informing them that they were merely rehearsing a part.

JOHN CHINAMAN WALKED OFF TO THE LOCK-UP.

Fastened by Their Pigtails Saves Handcuffing the Celestial.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Now that the Chinese have shown us at Pekin their true and horrible nature they will become a detested people in every civilised country. Here in England we see very little of the almond-eyed celestial, and his attempt to establish himself as a laundryman failed, the English housewife declining his services. Not so in America. John Chinaman does the washing of New York, where they herd together in one quarter known as China Town. Here the police have much difficulty in arresting evil-doers, as once they gain their houses they are so much alike that they cannot be recognised. To get over the difficulty they are sometimes arrested in bunches, and with their pigtails secured together marched off to the lock-up.

A BOLD ROBBERY OF OVER £2,000.

Train Looted in America by Masked Men.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EARLY last week a gang of armed ruffians stopped a train on the Illinois Central Railway near Mayfield, Illinois.

While some of them intimidated the railway men and passengers, others of the gang blew open the safes in the express car with dynamite, and helped themselves to all the cash which they contained.

The robbers got clear away with over £2,000.

OUR LETTER BOX.

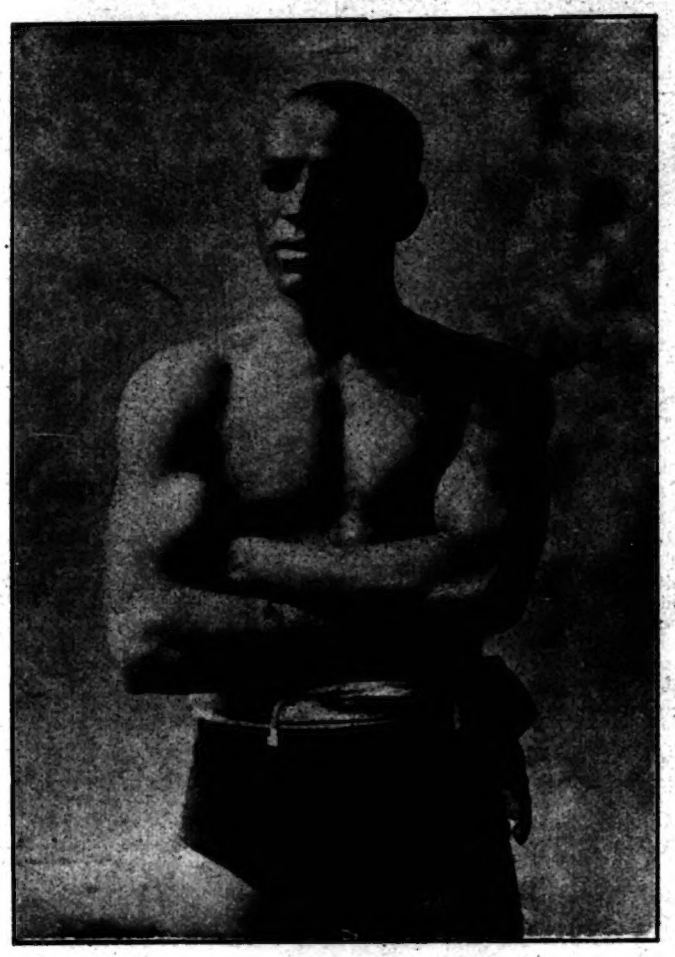
LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

Harry Kennedy.
Bobby Dobbs (two).
"Dido" Plumb.
A. McDonald.
"Greek" George.
Billy Ross.
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Frank Kempton.
J. W. Abbott.
F. Leon (two).
P. J. King.
R. H. Page.
George Slark.
J. F. White (three).
George Fox Giles.
H. Chance Newton.
Driver Pincher.
Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer).
C. McCoy.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
Ted Wakeham.
Claude Thompson.
Billy Plimmer.
Jem Holloway.
P. Gorman.
Alec Hurley (comedian).
Ernie Greaves.
J. Corbett.
Jem Hall.

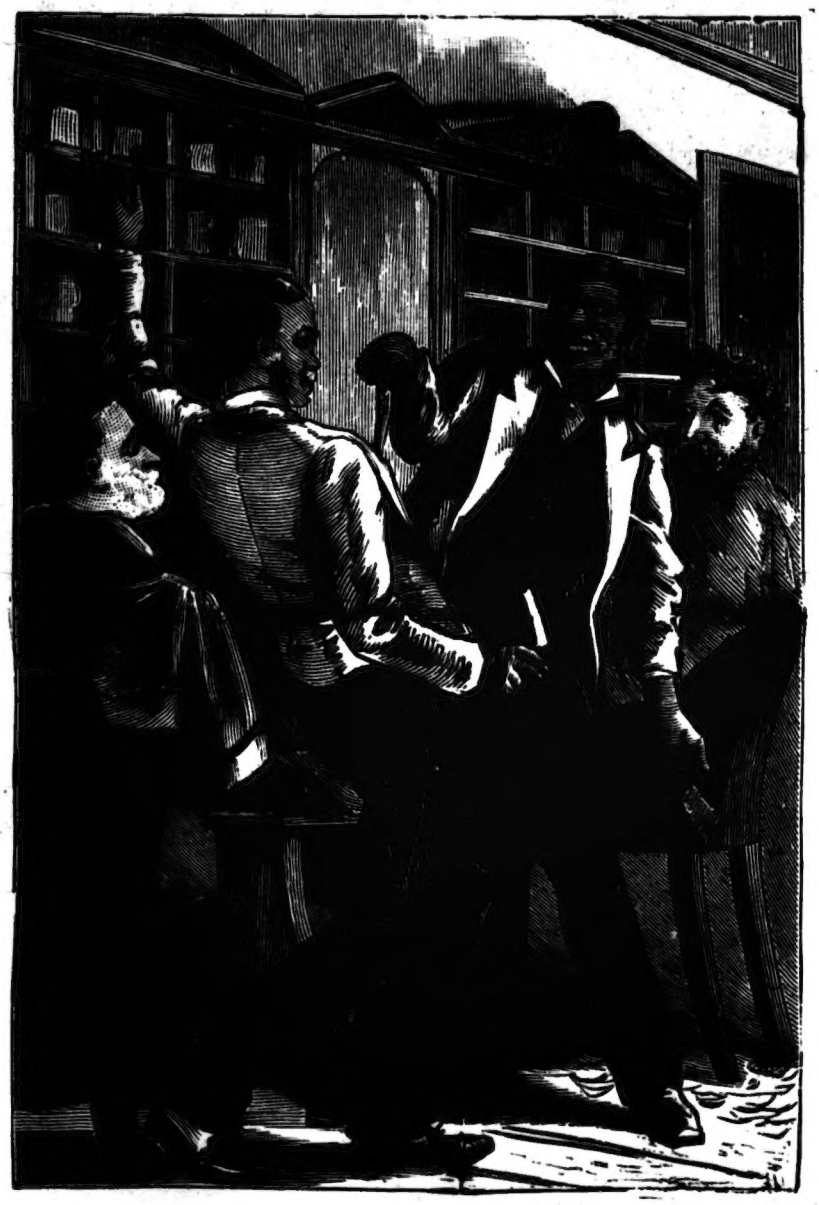
LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his th .t, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

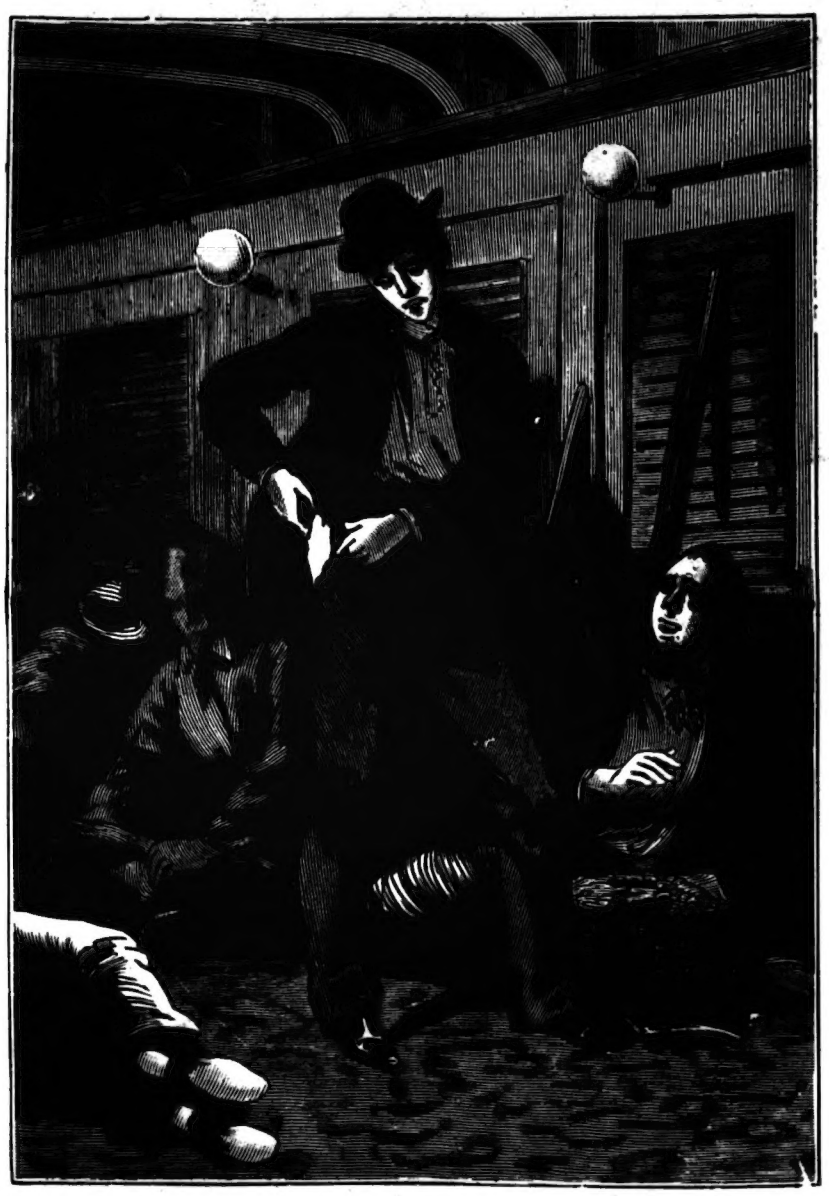
DREADFUL TRAGEDY IN TOULOUSE, FRANCE.
An Actor Shoots his Wife and Commits Suicide.



JOE GANS,
Who Knocked Out "Young Griffo" in Eight Rounds at the Seaside Athletic Club, New York, U.S.A.



CURIOUS FIND IN A BARBER'S POCKET.
His Assistant Pulls Out a Small Snake.



THE EMIGRANT LOST ALL HE POSSESSED.
Thieves Cut Out his Pocket and Secured his Money.

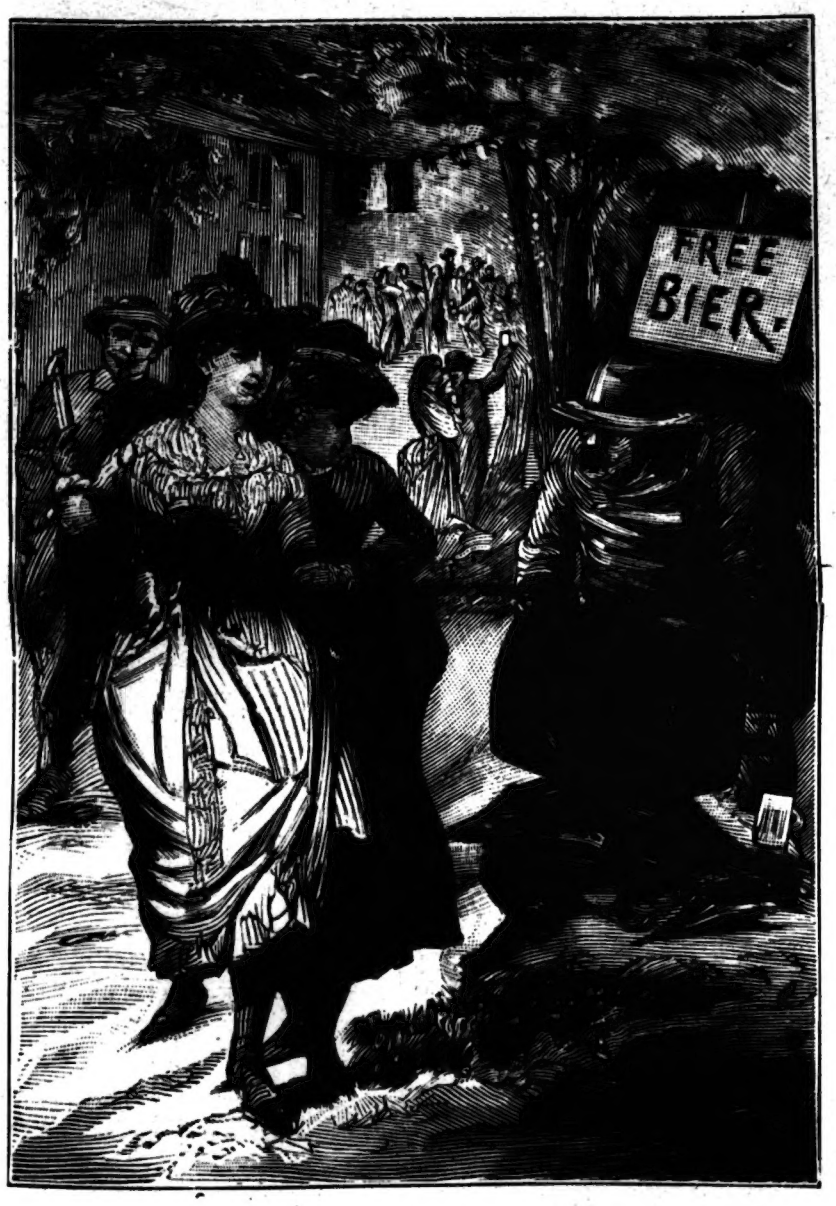
TOM JONES, Wigan; JIM MELLOR, Stalybridge; JOSEPH HESKETH, Ashton-under-Lyne; SAMMY MOORES, Pendleton; FRED MASON (Runner), Paddington; JIM FOX (Boxer), Marylebone.

A GROUP OF FAMOUS WRESTLERS.

SAM HARRIS,

Manager of Terry McGovern, "The Brooklyn Terror."

SHE COULD DO IT ON HER HEAD.



IN A BEER GARDEN AT DRESDEN.

How the German Families Spend their Evenings.

REHEARSING A DESPERATE CONFLICT WITH DAGGERS.

The Actors' Friends Thought It was Murder.

BAGATELLE AT THE GOSSET Arms.—The best prospect of success is that of good management, and this is the principal item at the above resort. The well respected proprietor, Mr. Harry Dixon Leigh, obtained a great idea of the way affairs should be carried on when he (as secretary) assisted his parent, the celebrated director of the Excelsior Baths, Mansfield Street, Bethnal Green. The experience thus gained has been added to in various ways, and besides being a lover of all-round athletics he has won many valuable trophies at cycling and skating. It does not matter what season of the year we are in, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood will have their pleasures attended to, so to keep his patrons cheerful a bagatelle tournament was started, and almost before the first round is over the habitues of the house wanted a whist tournament. The genial host has promised prizes for this to take place as soon as the one in hand has had an ending. With the weeding-out process over, the interest in the games increased, and the hall was packed to repletion at times, many being unable to find standing room. The games were exciting, and at times when it looked all Lombard Street to a china orange on one, a fluke followed by a large break put a different complexion on the game. The manager of the house, Mr. Harry Cleverley, took considerable interest in the various heats, and his cheerful remarks and witty sayings were always given their just amount of cheering. Mr. Hayday beat Mr. Boxer. The first named took the lead at the start, and never giving his opponent a chance, ran out an easy winner by 72. Between Mr. Parina and Mr. Foulser a tight game resulted, both running neck and neck till more than three parts of the game; making some splendid cushion shots, the last named won by 54. An interesting game was that between Messrs. Whitmore and Marshall, and at times each was favourite in turn, but after having the best of the break shots Whitmore ran out a winner by 36. Mr. Buchele, of the Perseverance, beat J. Bennett after a very exciting game, in which only a few points separated them at all times, by 3. The next game was a striking contrast, and after a comical game of chance shots and flukes Mr. Hawes was successful over Mr. Blazey by over 80 points. The bout of the series was that of Mr. G. Leigh and Mr. C. Doe, as whatever one made the other beat, but a few spots being needed for the goal when a large break by Doe put him in the succeeding round. Mr. Chaplin beat Mr. Clark, fast scoring was the order until one wanted 5 the other 1; several shots were taken, but not a hole was made till Clark missed the red, and giving 5 away his opponent won by a single point. Very amusing was the game in which Harry Harris beat old Bill Styles, and after several flukey hits Harris won by 39.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE (this day).—The race for the above coat and badge will take place this day (Wednesday). Besides the various bridges under which the scullers pass during the race, there will be no lack of craft from which to see this annual and historic sculling race. Mr. Gus Brewer intends running the steam launch, Surrey Belle, on August 1. The vessel is licensed to carry between 200 and 300 people, but not more than the first-named number of passengers will be carried on this occasion. The Surrey Belle will leave the Duke's Head Steps, in Putney, an hour and a half before the starting time. The tariff will be the usual nominal one. W. G. East (ex-champion of England) and R. Turk, of Kingston, intend running a launch for the accommodation of those who wish to see Hammerton, Turk, Chitty, and Wheeler row.

GEORGE THURLING, OF SMITH-field, the well-known pioneer of whippet racing, has had his dog Stargazer stolen. This occurred on Tuesday week. A reward of £2 is out for the conviction of the thief. Whoever has taken the dog cannot put him down in London or country, as he is too well known. If anyone is holding Star (his, kennel name) back for the sake of a further reward they are mistaken. He will find his way home if once let loose. His photo has appeared in THE MIRROR OF LIFE. He is a fawn dog, 36lb in weight. We ourselves ask all the fancy, if they should come across Star, or should hear anything of him, to communicate with G.T., as he would be the first to do a like favour to any fellow sportsman.

THE DUAL WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

PRIVATE W. T. WARD.

PRIVATE W. T. WARD, 1ST DEVON-shire Rifle Volunteers, the winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley, was accorded a public welcome on reaching Exeter. The Volunteer band met him at the station and escorted him to the Guildhall, where Alderman Domville, in the absence of the Mayor, offered him the congratulations of the city on winning the Queen's Prize for the second time.

The health of Mr. Ward was drunk in the civic loving cup, and he was afterwards accompanied by the band and a large crowd to the railway station. At Okehampton another reception awaited him, and he was enthusiastically cheered on his progress through the town.

WHIPPET RACING.—THE SHEPherd's Bush Whippet Club held its fourth meeting upon their track at Wood Lane on Saturday. There was a good entry. Punctual to time, the weighing took place at four o'clock, and the pistol was fired for the first heat at five o'clock sharp. To the credit of the handicapper let it be said the card was a puzzle, and even the clever division could not spot a throw in one; hence the sport was good, and we know upon authority, although at first the promoters were at a loss, that by straightforward tactics the public are alive to the fact, and they will soon reap the reward. We must not omit to mention that for the benefit of the public that if a dog is held on the mark the pistol will be fired twice, and no colour put up. This is the legitimate way of sport. For if we are to have sport let it be so, and honest to boot. There were 93 entrants coloured on the card. All the finishes were close. The final heat was a desperate race. Kate, a 5 to 4 on chance, beat Tommy Tittlemouse, 3 to 1 against, by a matter of four inches. The prizes were immediately paid out at the Beaumont Arms—viz., first, £5; second, 15s; third, 5s. Results:—Winners of heats in the first round: Bailey's Jerry, 15½lb, 32yds start; Jones's Novice, 16½, 32; Bailey's Nelson, 13½, 36; Nevill's Charley, 14½, 36; Woodham's Faithful, 15½, 25; Sam's Kate, 10½, 43; Roger's Marie Stuart, 12½, 42; Bailey's Old Jack, 15½, 36½; Maurnie's Dick, 21, 21; Milson's Lena, 12½, 23½; Pat's Old Jumbo, 17½, 31½; Jones's Young Tittlemouse, 22½, 23; Jones's Young Sweep, 13, 36½; and Ward's Fred, 15½, 36. Second series.—Young Tittlemouse, 1; Novice, 2; Charley, 3; Fred, 0; Lena, 0. Won by half a yard, with a foot dividing second and third. Heat 2: Kate, 1; Nelson, 2; Faithful, 3; Jerry, 0; Dick, 0. Won by a foot, with half a yard separating second and third. Heat 3: Old Jumbo, 1; Old Jack, 2; Marie Stuart, 3; Young Sweep, 0. Final heat: Kate, 1; Young Tittlemouse, 2; Old Jack, 3. Won by inches, with half a yard dividing second and third. Mr. H. Pettel was referee, Mr. A. Glaze marksman, Bill Hill trig, and the popular Geo. Thurling pistol-firer, the whole of the officials giving satisfaction. The next handicap will take place on Saturday, August 11.

HARRY J. CARRINGTON ("CAUSTIC") was unanimously elected secretary of the United Brothers' Club, Plough Street, Commercial Road, E., for the ensuing twelve months at the general half-yearly meeting. The balance-sheet showed the club its satisfactory financial condition, the rate of profit being 63 per cent. The steam launch Surrey Belle will convey members and friends upon August 26 to Walton-on-the-Thames, leaving Temple Pier at 9.30 a.m. Only a limited number will be taken. A few seats are still vacant. Applications to be sent in at once. A cold collation and all refreshments free, and a string band on board.

THE GREAT CENTURY RIDE.—Hale Covers 100 Miles per Day for a Year.—On Monday on the Holborn Viaduct, at the depôt of the machine on which Teddy Hale made his record, this cyclist finished his hundred miles a day for a year (exclusive of Sundays). Hale has worn out five pairs of cycling shoes and nine or ten suits. His weight has decreased from 11st 7lb to 11st. The weather record was rather in his favour, as he had 216 fine days, sixty-one partly wet, thirty-four wet, and one snowy and one foggy day. He has been checked six times each day, and has sent off three post-cards and three telegrams from places along the route of his day's ride.

THE CHANNEL SWIM.

ANOTHER FAILURE.

FRANK HOLMES, OF BIRMINGHAM, early last week attempted to swim across the English Channel from Dover, but again failed. Nevertheless, he made the attempt. He started at quarter-past four in the morning, diving off the Princess lugger just off the pier in Dover Bay. The sea was smooth, and there was a strong ebb tide, which carried him westward towards Folkestone. When the sun rose the water, which was 60deg., became a little warmer, and the heat became intense overhead. For the first two hours both the tides and the weather were all in favour of the swimmer. Between six and seven o'clock a breeze sprung up, which troubled Holmes considerably. By five minutes past seven he had swum eight miles, and the Varne lightship was discernible. This was calculated to be the halfway point. Though troubled by jellyfish and a choppy sea, Holmes continued to swim, and completed fourteen miles, when he found it impossible to continue, and gave up, returning to Dover at about eleven o'clock. Mr. Holmes was in the water four hours and forty-five minutes. He was very disappointed, as he has been trying to swim the Channel for three years. He said: "I would not mind so much not being able to do it if I had a fair chance, but somehow I seem to have bad luck." He left Dover in the afternoon.

ACCIDENT TO SLOAN.—THE famous American light-weight jockey met with a serious mishap on Friday at Aintree while riding the favourite, Maluma, in the Liverpool Cup. Rather more than five furlongs from home Maluma slipped up and fell, throwing Sloan heavily. The mare was running fourth when she came down, and Sloan, who was partially stunned by the fall, was thus exposed to the terrible danger of being trampled on by the horses following, besides the risk of being kicked by the struggling mare, who was badly hurt herself, and, maddened with pain, was striking out in all directions. Fortunately, Intimidater's hurdle-racing experiences induced him to jump over the prostrate mare and jockey—an example which was promptly followed by Rice. On being picked up in a dazed condition Sloan was found to be badly cut about the head, one ear being much torn, while he was also severely bruised, and evidently suffering from shock. He was brought back to the stand, and later was driven to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, in a carriage belonging to the Earl of Derby, which his lordship very considerately placed at the disposal of the injured jockey. Maluma was found to be seriously injured, and has probably terminated her racing career. She was with some difficulty removed in a van to a veterinary establishment adjacent to the course.

FIFTY MILES CHAMPIONSHIP OF Middlesex.—The annual contest for this title and the "Wilson" was held at the North London track, Wood Green, last evening, under the auspices of the Essex and Middlesex Cycling Union, with the following result: W. B. Dudden, Polytechnic C.C. (holder) (time, 1hr 49min 15 1-5sec), 1; H. S. Knowles, Albion C.C. (1hr 55min 34 3-5sec), 2; and W. Hodgkinson, Tottenham Wheelers (1hr 58min 41 4-5sec), 3. Won by a little over two miles.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES UNION Mile Race.—At the Herne Hill track last week a one mile handicap, open to members of clubs affiliated to the above-named body, was decided. Among the entries were F. Burnand, Catford C.C., and R. S. Montgomery, Gloucester C.C., the holder of the twelve hours' amateur record. The first-named, who competed from the sixty yards mark, was unable to finish nearer than fourth in his heat, and thus failed to qualify for the final. Montgomery (150yds start) was the winner of the final by half a length from G. Cartwright, Borough Polytechnic C.C. (170yds), F. Bartlett, Silverdale C.C. (105yds) being third, half a length behind. The winner's time was 2min 2 2-5sec.

BARROW PUSHING RACE. Exciting barrow race took place on Sunday morning. The start was from Long Acre to Hammersmith Broadway. The men were Jim Buckley, a market garden porter, and Jack Keely, the son of a large barrow owner, of Nottingham Court, Long Acre. The stake was £2 a-side, and a purse. Hyde Park Corner being reached by Buckley, the winner, in 5 minutes, Kensington Church 8 minutes, Hammersmith Broadway 35 minutes, Keely being 40 seconds behind. Several traps and cycles followed. Next Sunday morning, about 7.30 a.m., there will be ten starters from the Enterprise, at the corner of Endell Street, Long Acre. This time the journey wil be increased from Long Acre to Kew.

MOLESEY REGATTA.—THIS IMportant amateur regatta was concluded on Saturday. The final heats were contested with the following results:—Senior Eights: London R.C.—V. H. Mercer (bow), F. S. Lowe, W. Maxwell Lyte, G. T. Western, G. Fraser, R. H. Sanderson, J. W. Knight, R. S. Crier (stroke), C. H. L. Boyton (cox), 1. Royal School of Mines—J. M. Tharp (bow), A. L. Geldie, A. C. Nicholson, H. L. Swite, J. C. Blatchford, E. Hibbert, S. R. Jameson, R. Gillespie (stroke), J. J. S. Jameson (cox), 2. Won by two lengths. Thames Cup Fours: London R.C.—C. T. Grabham, F. E. Thorn, J. T. Stout, E. J. H. Rudge, 1. Thames R.C.—E. O. Capon, F. W. Chambers, C. H. Allin, G. Bullock, 2. Won by three lengths. Senior Fours: Thames R.C.—C. W. Hughes, G. Hering, W. A. Bieber, A. F. Johnston, 1; London R.C.—V. H. Mercer, F. S. Lowe, J. W. Knight, G. T. Western. London gave up. Junior Fours: Broxbourne R.C.—B. J. Newbury, H. M. Edelsten, B. P. Waller, W. Warren, H. Raincock (cox), 1. Molesey B.C.—A. Everidge, D. Robertson, H. Robertson, A. Edgell, B. Robertson (cox), 2. Won by two lengths. Senior Sculls: St. George Ashe (unattached) beat A. Hamilton Cloatte (London R.C.) by half a length.

THE R.A.O.B. HOSPITAL SOCIETY, held at the Weavers' Arms, Drysdale Street, Kingsland Road, made a presentation of a very handsome silver-mounted Malacca walking-stick to the vice-president, Brother Tom Bellamy, in recognition of his efforts in the cause of philanthrophy during the past half year. "Caustic" is asked by the executive to remind THE MIRROR OF LIFE readers that they will be welcomed upon any Sunday at 1.15 to the entertainments provided. The whole of the proceeds go to the funds of the Metropolitan Hospital, Kingsland, one of the poorest in London. The amount subscribed by the little reunions this year is far in excess of the last up to the present. Some fresh blood has been infused into the committee, whose energy will leave nothing to be desired. Host Tom Robinson is president, with Harry A. Green as hon. secretary, while upon the committee are numerous well-known sportsmen. Brother Bellamy thanks his brother Buffs for the unexpected testimonial. Well, here's success to the cause; go on, boys, and prosper!

SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—George Towns and James Wray signed articles on Monday to row for the championship of England over the championship course from Putney to Mortlake for £100 and the Challenge Cup. The race was fixed to take place on September 10.

MARVELLOUS CYCLING RIDE BY A. A. Chase.—In an attempt on the hour record at the Crystal Palace last week, A. A. Chase made some wonderful times up to and including twenty-miles, when his motor went wrong, and forced him to retire. Getting away well, he rode the first mile in 1min 48 3-5sec, against the previous best by Platt-Betts of 1 min 39 2-5sec. Chase touched record at four miles, and riding brilliantly covered five miles in 8min 3 4-5sec (previous best—his own—8min 12 3-5sec). Ten miles occupied 15min. 55 3-5 sec, which is 34 1-5sec inside his own previous best for the distance. When his motor went wrong he had completed twenty-two miles in the fresh record figure of 35min "dead," against the previous best of 38min 29sec made by Bonhours at the Crystal Palace last August. At the Crystal Palace last Wednesday evening A. A. Chase, the famous cyclist, accomplished another fine performance. In the course of an hour's ride he lowered all records from two to ten miles, fourteen to sixteen miles, and twenty-three to thirty-seven miles, riding in the hour thirty-seven miles 196 yards, thus beating Bonhours' record of thirty-four miles 740 yards by two miles 1,216 yards. Last Thursday evening, at the Crystal Palace, A. A. Chase made a successful attempt on the one mile world's record, from a standing start, of 1min 39 2-5sec, held by J. Platt-Betts. Chase accomplished the distance in 1min 38 2-5sec. In another attempt Chase succeeded in putting up fresh British records, from a flying start, from the quarter to mile inclusive. The following are the new record figures:—Quarter, 21 sec. (previous best 21 1-5sec.); half, 42 4-5sec. (previous best 44 2-5sec.). The full mile was ridden in 1min 27 4-5sec, against the previous best of 1min 31 2-5sec, complished by J. Platt-Betts.

SWIMMING.—THE SERPENTINE Club.—On Wednesday the annual Quarter-mile Handicap for prizes presented by the president, Mr. Joseph Collard, was brought to a highly successful issue in the Serpentine Lake, Hyde Park, in the presence of a large company. 440 Yards Handicap.—Final Heat: F. Colbourne, 45sec start, 1; J. Vickers, 90, 2; L. H. Rickards, 100, 3. D. Ainsworth, 7, 4. The limit man led throughout, and won by a dozen yards; half that distance divided the next two.

THE WELL-KNOWN TRAINER BOB Knott has once again taken to his old love. He trained Tom Ireland for his coming battle with Jack Goldswain, which takes place to-morrow (Thursday) at the Red House, Hannington, near Northampton. Under this careful training he is bound to get Ireland should enter the ring fit to fight for the proverbial kingdom.

PHOTOS GIVEN AWAY.—I will send one "CHOICE CABINET" as a sample to any bona fide applicant, also FREE List of Rare Books, &c. Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, 52 in pack, 2s. 6d. and 5s. Be in time. Address, M. L. REID, West Green Road, London, N.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.

THE RECENT AMERICAN ARRIVALS INTRODUCED BY "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

HARD FIGHTING WAS THE ORDER last Saturday evening at Wonderland, when despite our being at between 90 and 95 degrees of heat, a large company witnessed the bouts put on the programme by Joe Smith and Frank Craig, who jointly run the show. As is usual at this resort, the working man did his utmost to fill the cheap portions of the building, the reserved seats being conspicuous by their emptiness, except where here and there, without many exceptions, dead-heads monopolised them. Boxing dies hard and, with the love that East-enders bear the sport, a long and lingering illness. Nearly everywhere the noble art is sleeping through the summer, to arise like a giant refreshed directly the cold weather sets in, but the promoters at Wonderland understand the public taste, and that they prefer boxing under any circumstances. It is not so very long ago that the Blue Anchor was open, and though at that resort the public were satisfied with exhibitions only every Saturday night throughout the year they were always to be found in their places when the week came round. It is true that the bouts were between triers, and though only exhibitions, were better than many contests that are to be seen at the present day. Th exception proves the rule and very seldom did an evening's boxing pass without a knock-out and very often three or four. The public were perfectly satisfied then, and why if an exhibition is now put on do they find fault with it and hiss everyone concerned in the management. We have often seen this at Wonderland, even when six contests have been staged and fought out to the bitter end, but at times the audience show the appreciation that the boxers deserve, cheering every bout they think deserves it, but woe betide any boxer running a crook, as the "Dead March" and "Dear Old Pals" are whistled by the boys, and the order comes from the referee: Fight, or retire from the ring. Our representative, who acts as judge of the bouts, if they continue fooling, declares it no contest, and whether they are in the second or last round it is all the same, as the decision no contest means no money. We thoroughly understand playing for an opening, sparring for wind, or trying to gauge a boxer's abilities from a bout in which Mr. Arrangement has played a prominent part. This, coupled with the fact that only just decisions are given by THE MIRROR OF LIFE raises the sport, and causes boxers to try their best. Last Saturday the fighting could not have been better, and one American gentleman remarked that in the United States of America the public would have been perfectly satisfied had they paid five to ten dollars to witness the entertainment. As usual THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as referee, the clocking being in the hands of Mr. Wray. Six Rounds Contest: Archie Wright (Meat Market) beat Jack Fitzgerald (Canning Town).—The former is, thanks to the help of Smith, getting fit, and from start to finish went well, and scored fast. He seemed to want to let matters go the full distance, but after it was over he went to the London Hospital (which is only one minutes' walk) and found he had broken a bone in his arm. This occurred in the second round, and points to his gameness in going the full distance and winning. Six Rounds Contest: "Nutty" Williams (Bethnal Green) beat Bill Sadler (St. Luke's).—We have recorded bouts before between this pair, but Williams looked a good stone heavier. Sadler tried all he knew, and was a long way in arrears when he injured his arm, and retired in the last round. A splendid exhibition of the noble art took place between Ted Ware and Bill Chester, meeting with terrific cheering at the close. George Gardner, 11st. champion of Lower Mass., and his manager and backer, Mr. Kinney, were introduced. Ben Harris announced that Gardner came over to fight "Dido" Plumb, failing him anybody in England, for £100 a-side. The "Coffee Cooler" almost jumped for joy, and immediately entered the ring and accepted the challenge, while the crowd cheered, as Craig is well-known, but the stranger also came in for his share. Why a man who can box under 11st. should want to give weight away is beyond the knowledge of judges, especially when a match with his countryman, Jack Everhardt, would be certain to bring a big crowd. The "Cooler," according to his own opinion, is certain winner, and was so overjoyed that he told Smith to reckon the entertainment as his own. Many a good man has made certain of winning a battle, and though it may be odds on Craig, the fight is not over. Six Rounds Contest: Alf Leeper (Canning Town) v. Ginger Elliot (Bethnal Green).—The latter from the start to the fourth meeting had all the best of the exchanges, but Leeper then pulled up hand over hand, managing to draw level. When another round was ordered, the crowd hissed, saying Elliot had won, and after the round ended, and a draw the result, hissed again, half saying one and half the other had won. Six Rounds Contest: Abe Hyde (Hoxton) beat Bill Dickson (Finsbury).—A grand bout, the last-named as game as a pebble, but though he pulled up toward the close the Hoxton representative won very easily. Four Rounds Trial.— Angus Griffo (America) v. "Ponk" Andrews (Bethnal Green).—Very comical; the black's antics causing roars of laughter. Eight Rounds Contest: Bert Adams (Spitalfields) beat Bill Scholfield (Hackney).—Adams is always victorious at this resort, and nearly ended the bout in every round, finally asserting his superiority in the third round. To-morrow (Thursday) the special championship night between Ireland and Goldswain takes place. Notes will be found in another part of this paper of particulars, and the house should beat record, as the programme is as good a one as ever took place.

BOXING TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) Evening.—The bout that had taken place on the previous Tuesday caused a number of sportsmen to wish to see them contest a longer contest. They agreed to box six rounds, and again they could not be separated. A bout of eight or ten rounds between this pair at either the N.S.C. or the opening night of one of our big clubs. The members of either would be perfectly satisfied with the skill, endurance, and gameness of these lads, who (despite Bloom's advantage in weight) always do their best. Six Rounds Trial: Archie Wright and Jem Casey– Wright, who through the instruction of Joe Smith is getting fit enough to do battle for a man's life, wishes to thank the last named for what he has done for him, as "a friend in need is a friend indeed," and when Wright was in distress Smith assisted him and gave him the situation of potman, thus placing him in a position from which he may rise to a great height — maybe owning houses himself; and the first to assist him will be Joe. Jem Casey is a younger brother of Mike (who won several competitions and contests last season), and understands the noble art. With both lads going well the room resounded again with cheers when the bout ended. Four Rounds Trial: Alf South and "Dummy" Forest. The last named is a very hard-hitting boxer, but seems only to go when he has had a hiding, but despite the weight of South he held his own in an exciting trial. Four Rounds Trial: Mr. Bert Ross (Queen Victoria B.C.) and Professor Mike Casey.—Ross is a good amateur who could, when trained, box at about 7st 12lb, and we should advise him to join a club affiliated to the A.B.A. so that he may have a chance of gaining premier honours next year. With the help of Instructor Casey he improves every time he spars, and is an advert. for the way this club teaches the noble art. Six Rounds Contest: George Shipman and Mark Bloom.—What a knuckler Bloom would make. As strong as a lion he fights his way to victory, but George, who last season won contests at all the principal resorts, has always a straight left, scored well, and the bout ended in a draw. Referee, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, with Joe Smith and Mike Casey acting as seconds.

G. HARPER, OF SALFORD, seeing Young Dowdall, of Stockport, is in want of a match, I will box him the best of ten or fifteen rounds for £25 a-side and the best purse offered at 6st 10lb. This is open to any 7st lad in England for any amount. A deposit at THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be covered at once.

FRED PRESTON DEFEATS OLD "STARLIGHT."

ON THE OCCASION OF THE second meeting between Fred Preston and Starlight, which took place June 18 at the Victoria Hall, Melbourne, there was a very large crowd, and excitement was at fever heat at various periods of the contest. Rumours were circulated before the start that the "go" had been "fixed," but if one can judge from the manner in which both men mauled each other about, then the rumour was exploded. Previous to the "go" of the evening, two dusky individuals entered the roped arena to contest the best of six rounds—by name of Raymond Bourke and Jack Smith—and although they had to depend upon the charity of the house for their purse, they banged each other right from the jump, and at the finish the verdict went to Bourke. After a brief interval, Starlight stepped through the ropes, accompanied by Micko Walsh, Mat Daly, and Sam Gray (trainer). Preston followed quickly, and was squired by Tim Hegarty, Jack Marshall, and Charlie Green. The selection of officials resulted in Mr. Vingoe taking the position of referee, J. Nicholls timekeeper, whilst Joe Cullen checked the seconds. On being called to the centre for Round 1, Preston rushed across, and banged his left on the face. They closed, and out of a wrestle Star slipped to the boards, raising a cry from his seconds on the ground of a foul. Ordered to fight on, the fun started. Star lost his temper, and, rushing his man across the ring, forced him against the ropes, where a great deal of palming took place, both men being to blame. Round 2 saw Preston intent on forcing matters, and, rushing his man, banged left and right on the face. Star closed, and wrestled, endeavouring to get home with an uppercut whilst clinched. Broken away with great difficulty, they immediately closed again, and severe in-fighting was indulged in by both men. In this round Preston forced his opponent on the ropes, and sent him to the floor for nine seconds. Mad with rage, Star got up and sent in terrific hits, none of which managed to land, much to the relief of Preston's followers. They were fighting hard when the gong went. Round 3. At the commencement a clinch took place, and cries of "Go between them" were raised by the onlookers, but disregarded by the referee. No sooner were they separated than each man rushed the other, and a clinch resulted. Starlight was getting the worst of the roughing. At one period they both closed and fell to the boards, Star being on top. Just at the close of this round Starlight was reclining on the boards from a heavy whack on the jaw. Round 4. Starlight opened with a left lead on the face, and in coming away slipped to the floor, from where he was assisted by Preston. Rushing his man across the arena, Preston banged the le... home on the wind, and followed with one on the face. Starlight was content to evade, if possible, and clinch. Towards the finish of the round Preston had a narrow squeak from being sent out, a terrific swing from the coloured gent. just grazing his point. Round 5 (and last) was one continual wrestle. Preston rushed Starlight across the ropes, where a struggle took place, Star going down and writhing on the floor, complaining that his back had been hurt. Enraged at not being awarded the fight on a foul, Starlight rushed his man, but was pulled up short with a blow on the jaw that sent him down for nine seconds. He had all ...e worst of this round, and in banging Preston on the head broke a small bone in his hand, which necessitated his seconds throwing up the towel, and the verdict going to Preston after one of the fiercest fights ever witnessed in this city.—"Sydney Referee."

GRAND SPECIAL AT WONDERLAND.

TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) THE great boxing tournament that is expected to surpass all previous performances will take place at the above. The programme will consist of eight contests, and everyone is guaranteed satisfaction, and the boxers (or the principal ones) are away training for their bouts. The chief item is a fifteen rounds contest for £300 and the 9st 6lb championship between Tom Ireland and Jack Goldswain, besides fifteen rounds for £50 between Archie Wright and Jack Calder, ten rounds between Alf Littlefield and Alf Leeper, ten rounds between Mike Casey and Harry Fowler, eight rounds between Jack Mason and Bert Adams, six rounds between Jack Roberts and George Cunningham, and two other contests between South London and East-end lads. So that ticket-holders can avoid the crush the early doors will be opened at 7.30. All applications for reserved seats to be sent to Joe Smith, Queen Victoria, Barnet Grove, and Cambridge House, 72, Cambridge Road, London, E. Telephone, No. 670 Eastern.

BEN JORDAN, FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, TO TERRY McGOVERN, BANTAM-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

BEN JORDAN, FEATHER-WEIGHT champion of England, called up at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office on Monday, and stated that he had received a very advantageous offer from Charley White, the well-known American referee, to go to America to fight Terry McGovern, and in answer left the following statement:—

July 30, 1900.

Editor, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

SIR,—In answer to Mr. White's generous offer for me to go to America to fight Terry McGovern I wish to state that had I received said offer a month ago I should have been very glad to accept it, but at this late date, and as boxing ceases in New York, September 1, I would not have time to arrange my business here, go to America, and train as I ought, especially to meet such a man as Terry McGovern. I have been to America twice, the first time beating Dixon, then the champion of the world, and next meeting Eddie Santry, of Chicago. At that meeting I was ill, and not in any condition to do battle, and even at that I had Santry well beat, as everyone knows who was at the ringside. Therefore, I cannot afford to go into the ring again in such condition. In view of my two visits to America, I think it no more than right that McGovern, if he wishes to fight me, should come to England. While I know that McGovern is the best man they have turned out in America for years, still I feel confident that I can beat him, and stand ready to make a match with McGovern at any time, the battle to take place at the National Sporting Club. By inserting this in your valuable paper you will greatly oblige

BEN JORDAN,
Feather-weight champion of England.

GEORGE GARDINER TO THE "COFFEE COOLER."

Inns of Court Hotel,
London, July 30.

To the Editor, THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

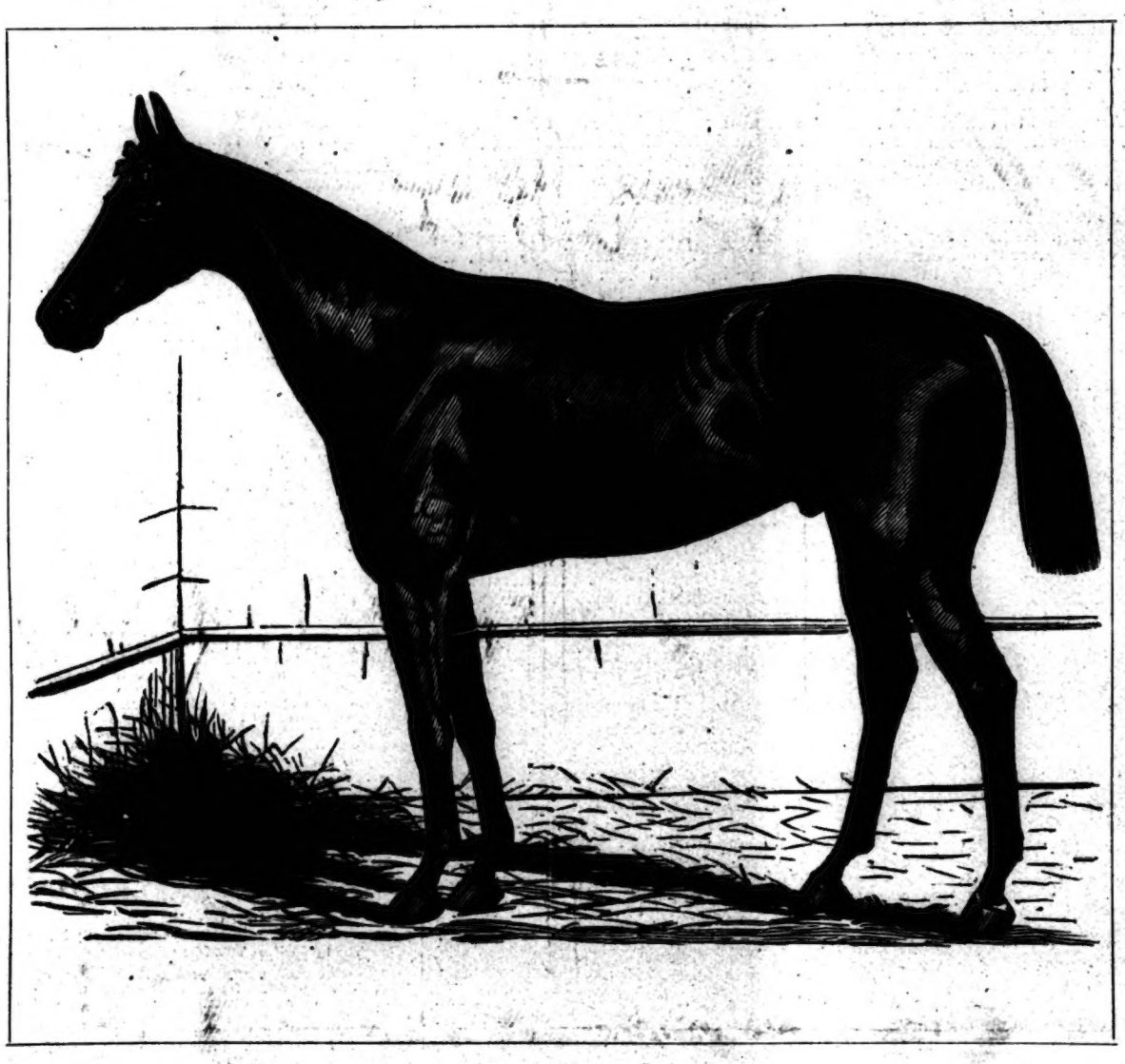
SIR,—Enclosed please find certified cheque for £100, in support of a challenge from George Gardiner to Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler." Gardiner will fight Craig the best of twenty rounds at 11st or 11st 4lb for the best purse offered. I direct this challenge to Frank Craig, as he claims to be the middle-weight champion of England. If Craig does not desire any of Gardiner's game this challenge is open to "Dido" Plumb, or any other middle-weight in England. If Craig wants to do business I will meet him at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office Wednesday, August 1, at 11 o'clock a.m.

OWEN KENNEY
(Manager, George Gardiner).

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—There was a goodly attendance at the above-named saloon on Saturday evening to witness the weekly entertainment engineered by Mr. James Lowes. The programme commenced with three excellent rounds between J. Johnson and W. Teasdale, and following them came Tom O'Ni...l and W. Hardy, who were also successful in pleasing. Great, indeed, were the three scientific rounds given by "Dido" Vardy and "Kid" Veitch, and the applause they received was of the heartiest description. These bouts paved the way for the contest of the evening, one of eight rounds between "Spike" Johnson, of Newcastle, and J. Lloyd, of South Shields, and in this affair there was a great amount of interest evinced. When time was called both seemed eager to get to work, and led off together, but Johnson had somewhat the best of the first round, using his left in clever fashion. In the second round Lloyd forced the work, using both hands with good effect, but Johnson, game as a pebble, mixed it up with him. In the third round Lloyd again proved the aggressor, and Johnson, going weak, was sent down, time, however, coming to his rescue. In the fourth round it was seen that Lloyd was the stronger, for he took up aggressive tactics, and after forcing Johnson to the ropes, sent him to the ground. Pluckily Johnson arose, only to be sent down again, when, seeing his man beaten, Tom Dixon, who was seconding Johnson, threw up the sponge. Jack Palmer was referee, and Martin Neglis timekeeper. The seconds for Lloyd were his brother and a friend, and for Johnson Tom Dixon and Tom Spring. For next Saturday Tom Spring and Lloyd are matched to box eight rounds.

JACK SCALES TO PAT DALY.—Scales by accident last week saw a challenge in THE MIRROR OF LIFE of March 14 stating that Daly wanted to make a match for £200 a-side with him. Scales is sorry he did not see it before; in fact, when Scales wanted to meet him he wanted £600 to £400. If he wants a match Scales will box him for £200 a-side at the N.S.C. on the opening night, but before Jack puts himself to any inconvenience Daly had better post a deposit so that one can see if he intends to fight and not to talk.

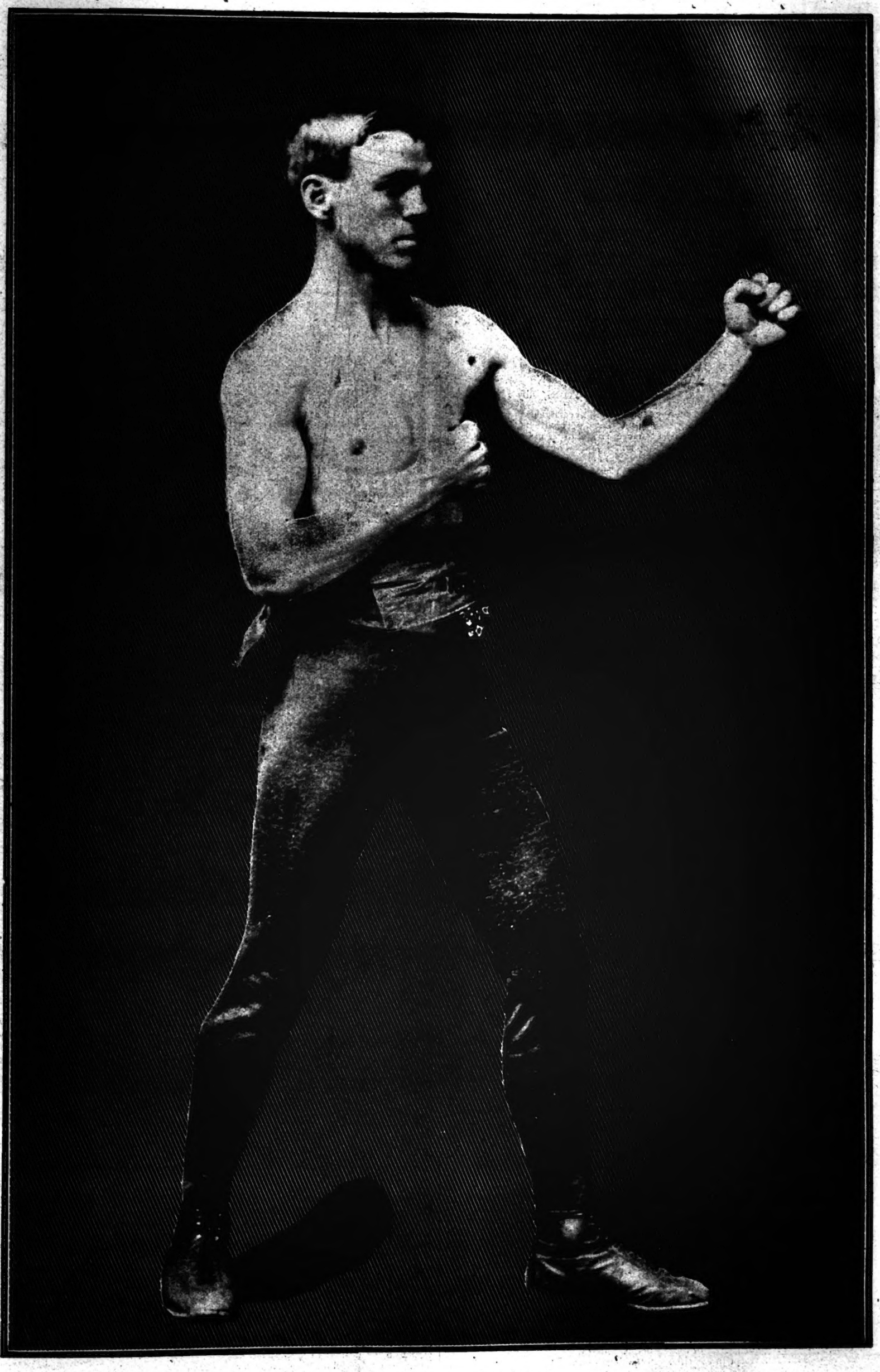
CHARLIE TUPLIN, OF GRIMSBY, seeing that E. Dodds, of Scunthorpe, challenged any lad in Lincolnshire at 8st 7lb and had no answer, I, Charlie Tuplin, have a lad who I am learning, and will match him to box Dodds for £5 a-side and the best purse offered, either in Scunthorpe or Grimsby. An answer through this paper will be attended to at once.



STAR POINTER,
An American Pacer, whose Record for the Mile was 2min. 04½sec.

FRANK ERNE,
Who was Knocked Out in Three Rounds by Terry McGovern

A BOLD ROBBERY OF OVER £2,000
Train Looted in America by Masked Men.



TERRY McGOVERN.

"The Brooklyn Terror," Bantam Champion of the World, who Knocked Out Frank Erne, Light-weight Champion of the World, in Three Rounds at the Madison Square Garden, New York.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

TERRY McGOVERN,

BANTAM-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,

DEFEATS

FRANK ERNE,

LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

(Special Report from Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, July 18, 1900.

Terry McGovern, than whom no more wonderful pugilist exists in the world, once again demonstrated to followers of boxing last night that he is without a peer as a feather-weight champion. With practically no more rivals to conquer in his class, McGovern consented to go out of it and meet the noted light-weight champion, Frank Erne, of Buffalo. The Twentieth Century Athletic Club arranged this bout, and it was decided in Madison Square Garden on Monday evening in the presence of 12,000 wildly enthusiastic spectators. The weight conditions may be offered as an excuse for Erne's unexpectedly quick defeat, for the light-weight champion consented to weigh in at 126lb, ring-side, in order to take on the Brooklyn phenomenon. Consequently, though Erne was virtually knocked out in the third round when his seconds threw up the sponge, he did not forfeit the title of light-weight champion because the contest was not decided at that weight. But these facts do not take away any of the credit that must go to McGovern. From the very start of the fight he was a whirlwind. He never allowed Erne to have a moment in which to show his well-known cleverness and science, but he was on top of him and after him at every stage of the game, raining in blows that were simply marvellous in their power and irresistible in their effect. Erne used his left hand with the best results, but though he landed it flush upon the jaw and in the stomach on several occasions it had little or no effect upon McGovern, who, in spite of every blow that Erne landed, kept coming to him until he had won the battle. The condition made that McGovern would win if Erne failed to knock him out inside of ten rounds proved to be ridiculous when the result is considered. Erne was undoubtedly weakened by the weight, and McGovern, knowing this, took no chances of staying away, but went right in to end the fight as quickly as possible. The first round had scarcely begun when McGovern showed that he was the better hitter and the faster fighter. He rushed incessantly, using few straight blows, but depending principally on heavy swings, which he aimed for the head. He put Erne upon the defensive almost immediately, and drew the blood from Frank's nose before the first round was half over. As McGovern was rushing toward the latter part of this round, however, he was cornered by Erne, and the latter sent him down with a straight left on the chin. McGovern took a full count; and when he resumed his feet he was as strong as ever, and sailed after his man with increased vigour. Erne realised that the only way to beat his rival, when the second round began, was by keeping enough distance to stay away from swings and use his left on Terry's face. Erne put in a series of these sharp cutting jabs to the Brooklyn boy's countenance, but not one of them seemed to affect Terry except a jolt that soaked his head. Even in the face of that punch McGovern laughed and continued his heavy swinging and rushing without cessation. Under the assault Erne's remarkable defensive tactics faded away. He could neither block the swings nor step away from them, for McGovern was so close to him, and kept punching so rapidly that the blows came from every quarter. When the second round was over it did not look like a cinch for McGovern, for Erne appeared to be getting a line on his style, and his friends expected him to show improvement. While Erne had changed his methods from those adopted in the first round, McGovern never varied his assaults, and in the third he was again rushing and swinging, at the same time unmindful of any kind of punches that Erne put into him. Erne's strength began to give out, probably because of the low weight, and his blows lacked power. McGovern was quick to see this point, and redoubled his efforts. With blows that were heavy enough to be landed by a welter-weight, Terry soon split open Erne's nose, which was afterwards found to be broken. A couple of smashes on the jaw made Erne wobble, and McGovern literally beat him to the floor with a storm of punches that were driven into the pit of the stomach and the head. Erne was dead game and got up after a count. McGovern kept on with his relentless tactics and twice more pounded his man down until he was virtually helpless. Rather than have Erne put to sleep his seconds interfered by throwing up the sponge, which, under the circumstances, was the proper thing to do, as his case was hopeless. McGovern now occupies the unique position of a fighter who does not know whom to fight, and must be compelled to wait until some other pugilist consents to make a match with him under more peculiar conditions. At six o'clock the crowd began to assemble in the street outside the Garden. On Twenty-Sixth Street there was a surging mob which was kept in line by the police, so there would be no confusion at the entrance which led to the admission seats. It cost 2dols to go into the top gallery, and this privilege was grabbed at with an eagerness which created a stampede. Men with palm leaf fans did a land office business. They were soon sold out and rushed out for a new supply. Men with hot frankfurters enjoyed a frost, for nobody cared to eat, and a hot dish was to be shunned. Speculators were there, too, struggling with the perspiring mass and getting good advances over the regular rates. Police Inspector Thompson, in charge of a large detail, including the bicycle squad, was on hand early, and the arrangements for handling the throng at the Madison Avenue entrance were well laid out. The best seats were listed at 15dol, and were located in partitioned boxes on the main floor. The aisles were plenty broad enough to prevent disorder, and around the edge of the boxes was a broad promenade. The arena seats just above the floor and the galleries were thrown open and every bit of space was devoted to those who wanted to see the goers and were willing to pay for the treat. The glass roof was removed, but that did not cool the atmosphere much, for it was hotter than the boiler-room of a battleship down below. The ring, which was the one used in the old Empire A.C. of Maspeth, was set down lower than the usual boxing stage used in the Garden, and a chandelier of electric lamps hung directly over it. The arrival of fistic notables and well-known sporting men was awaited eagerly by those who have read of these celebrities but never had the pleasure of looking them over. Everybody knows Jem Corbett, and when he came in, swinging a light bamboo cane and wearing a summer suit of the latest cut, there was an unmistakable outburst of recognition. Thomas Sharkey, still popular in spite of the trimming he received at the hands of Gus Ruhlin, was also picked out of the mob, and many shook hands with him. Within arm's length of Thomas was his recent conqueror, Ruhlin, tall and formidable, who was accompanied by his faithful manager, Billy Madden, and the good-looking middle-weight, Charley Goff. Fitzsimmons was there, too. Lanky Bob has grown to be a regular patron of boxing bouts. There was a time, however, when Fitz never showed himself except in the ring. Bob enjoys preliminary bouts now as much as star events, and always has a seat from which it is an easy matter to hurl verbal advice into the ring. Fitz's face was as red as blood. He is training for his coming battles with Ruhlin and Sharkey, and does much of his work in the boiling sun. When asked what he thought of the encounter, he said: "It ought to be a great fight. I never had much faith in boxers when pitted against fighters, and for that reason I believe McGovern will win." Peter Maher who, having recovered from the drubbing he received from "Kid" McCoy last New Year's Day, believes that he is about to regain his lost laurels, and wants to meet Sharkey, got in early and discussed the battle with numerous friends. "Kid" McCoy, who is busy making a book at the track and also counting receipts in his Broadway saloon, had a front seat, ready to get into Erne's corner when called upon to act as second. McCoy told inquirers that he could not see where McGovern came in at all. The list of heavy-weights would have been complete if Champion Jeffries had put in an appearance, but the big fellow couldn't come because he was called away to Mount Clemens, where he is to receive treatment for his lame arm. "Terry'll knock his block off," said John L. Sullivan as he rolled through the gates. John had the inevitable cigar cooked up in one corner of his mouth, and the burning ashes were in imminent danger of setting fire to the brim of his straw hat. "Terry's the greatest fighter of them all," continued Sullivan with a growl, "and these ducks who think they have a chance with him are all crazy. I wouldn't care if Erne weighed a ton, Terry would put it over on him, and they'd take the light-weight up on a train, singing, 'Put Me Off at Buffalo!' Terry for ever!" As the once mighty Sullivan was walking to his seat somebody unconsciously bumped into him. "Excuse me," said the bumper. "Go, chase yourself," growled John, and the command was obeyed to the letter. Then there were seen Dan Creedon, the Australian middle-weight, who always takes a beating with good nature; Dal Hawkins, the California light-weight, who still believes he can fight; Joe Gans, the Baltimorean who made Young "Griffo" look like a mark the other night; Bill Hanrahan, the coming middle-weight, who made Jack Bonner's face look like a Hamburger steak last Friday night; George Dixon, always remembered as the greatest and cleverest feather-weight in the world until McGovern stopped him; Jack O'Brien and George McFadden, both light-weights, who have in times past made it decidedly interesting for Erne; Tommy West, the man who, because of the possession of a cool head, whipped Hanrahan not long ago when the latter appeared to have a sure thing; Jack Bonner, hardly able to see out of a pair of bruised eyes received from Hanrahan last week; Joe Walcott, the ebony hued "giant killer," desirous of meeting heavy-weights in preference to all other fighters; Eddie Connolly, the new welter-weight champion; and Matty Matthews, the man from whom he won the title; "Spike" Sullivan and Dave Sullivan, the plucky Irish pugilists, who own banking accounts and real estate; Jack McAuliffe, formerly light-weight champion, now as big as a tub of butter; even old Barney Aaron, whose time is devoted to turf matters; the noted Billy Edwards, Tommy Ryan of Syracuse, and "Rube" Ferns, to say nothing of an army of boxers who figure in bouts all the year round, but never win public attention. These were all fighters who earn their living by the use of their hands. Around them were the sporting men who earn their living by betting on the fights, the races, and sometimes the turn of a card. James Wakely was on hand in time to tell everybody what he knew. Wakely had his diamonds with him, but they looked like paste when "Honest" John Kelly loomed up. Kelly's shirt bosom looked like the front of a trolley car at night. He sported a sparkler that made the lights in the Garden splutter and flicker, and his hands appeared to be on fire too. In his pocket Kelly had real money to bet, but he did not know just how to place it. He fancied Erne, but at the same time he feared that the wasting would weaken the light-weight champion to such an extent that Terry would win with a knock-out. Martin Dowling, who liked to be known once as the manager of Young Griffo, sat in a high-priced box and waved his blazing fingers aloft whenever he got into an argument. Al. Smith, known all over the country as the squarest sporting man in America, was not far away. He had money with which to back McGovern, on whom he won thousands when Terry whipped Dixon. Joe Vendig, the bookmaker, who chewed gum fiercely, offered to back McGovern, for he argued Erne had never shown any ability to knock anybody out. George and John Considine circled about looking for a feather to show the direction of the wind. Jimmy Colville, the Boston sporting man and competent referee, rather fancied McGovern, but he was not quite sure. Parson Davies, looking more ministerial than ever, said he did not care to make predictions, and hoped the fight would last the limit. Added to these stella lights were the following, who never miss a good ring contest. "Tony" Pastor, "Pony" Moore, Mike Dwyer, Dave Gideon, Ike Thompson, Phil Dwyer, Senator Tim Sullivan, Assemblyman Tim Sullivan, Johnny White, Joe Dun, Con McVey, Snapper Garrison, jockeys Clawson, Doggett, Sims, O'Connor, and Maher, De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Judge Cullom, Dahlen, Jennings, Kelley, Daly McErne, Howell and Alec Smith, all members of the champion Brooklyn ball team; H. R. Vonder Horse, the baseball magnates; Bob Smith, Erne's friend and adviser; Jack Doughetty, Jimmy De Forest, Johnnie Eckhardt, George Siler, Malachi Hogan, Manny Friend, Sammy Fitzpatrick, Charley Evans, Eddie Foy, Mike Clancy, popularly known as the "Oirish King," Bill Naughton, Lou Houseman, W. A. Pierce (editor of the Boston *Police News*), Jockey Spencer. Richard Croker, John F. Carron, and a number of Tammany men were also conspicuous, and so were Weber and Fields, Pete Daley, Jack McDonald (the bookmaker), Orlando Jones, and others too numerous to mention. "One-eyed" Connolly, familiar to ring patrons, must not be forgotten, however. He nailed manager Kennedy on the sidewalk, and hung on to the latter's coat-tails until he landed inside the gates. Mr. Connolly was warm but supremely happy when he looked at the struggling thousands who were trying to give up hard-earned coin for choice tickets. At 6.30 o'clock the crowd was pouring in without let up. It was so hot that everybody took his coat off and fanned himself with his straw hat. The different coloured shirts and the waving fans and hats provided a novel picture. The betting began to be brisk at that time, and even money prevailed on the result. Many of McGovern's followers were looking for odds that he would not stay the limit, and they were led by Sam Harris, Terry's faithful manager, who was willing to bet any amount of money at 2 to 1 that the feather-weight champion would stay six rounds. It looked like a good betting proposition at that to back McGovern to stay the limit, providing Erne made the required weight. The impression prevailed among the majority of sporting men that McGovern would not only stay the limit, but had an excellent chance of stopping the Buffalo boy before the tenth round. Various reports as to the exact weight of Erne were in circulation, the majority of which were to the effect that he was under 128. But there were sceptics who believed that the light-weight champion would come to the ringside overweight. That was an old trick of Erne's, they said, and they pointed to the fact that in one of his battles with George Dixon Erne had reported for duty nearly 10lb over the required scale. Sam Harris said in regard to the weight question that he understood Erne weighed 126½, but if this proved to be untrue and Erne was a pound overweight he would forfeit big money according to a private agreement between the men. It was said further that there was an understanding that for every pound that Erne weighed over 128 he would forfeit 1,000dols. It was a match that caused more speculation than any that has been put upon the boards for years. The conditions were so unusual that the regulars were puzzled. Erne agreed to weigh 128 pounds at the ring side, and to knock McGovern out in ten rounds, or forfeit the decision. The only other match made on this line in recent years was that at Maspeth five years ago, between Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne. Then, it will be remembered, Walcott, a welter-weight, agreed to weigh 133 pounds, the light weight limit, and if Lavigne stayed fifteen rounds he was to win. Lavigne not only stayed the limit, but came within an ace of putting Walcott to sleep. Since joining the light-weight class Erne fought his way to the top by victories over Lavigne, McFadden, and Gans. He fought a questionable draw with Jack O'Brien at Coney Island last winter, which was taken up as a line on last night's fight. O'Brien is a rugged, rushing slugger, something after the McGovern style, and in his go with Erne he did enough to win a draw, though many thought that he was entitled to a victory. In comparison with McGovern, O'Brien is considered slow. McGovern has beaten every feather-weight of note in the world, and has been compelled to go out of his class in order to meet opponents who would draw a crowd. For this reason the match with Erne was made. McGovern has been growing rapidly in the last year, and it is doubtful whether he could get down to the feather-weight—122 pounds—without some difficulty. In tackling Erne under these conditions McGovern figured that he would weigh at least 126 pounds, which, if Erne was at the required weight, would prove a severe handicap. Those who thought Erne would stop McGovern placed their judgment solely upon the light-weight's cleverness; for Erne is to-day one of the fastest and most scientific boxers in the world. His gameness is unquestioned, but his inability to knock out opponents was thought to be in the nature of an obstacle to his success. Only one pugilist who has faced McGovern succeeded in putting him in queer street, and that was Oscar Gardner, the Omaha "Kid." Gardner had McGovern going in the first round of their recent encounter, but Terry recovered so quickly that the Westerner was all at sea as soon as he received the terrific wallops that the Brooklyn fighter handed out. Whether McGovern would try to stay the limit by keeping away from Erne or whether he would go in for a quick knock-out mystified the crowd at large, but those on the inside had received assurances that McGovern would do his utmost to stop the Buffalo fighter as soon as he could get to him with one of his powerful swings. All sorts of arguments were offered in favour of both men. It was pointed out that when Lavigne fought Erne and used his well known rushing tactics he was stood off by the Buffalo man's terrible left hand, and practically jabbed into helplessness. This was a line used to show that McGovern, is adopting similar tactics, would receive similar treatment. On the other hand it was reasoned that McGovern, willing to take a pinch, would so force matters and hit so rapidly that Erne

like other opponents of the feather-weight champion, would soon become flustered and be beaten down. At nine o'clock information was brought to the Garden that Erne had consented to get upon a pair of scales at five o'clock, and that when he did so he tipped the beam at 128½lb. This was done in the presence of Manager Kennedy and several others, and the news was received with due satisfaction. Fully 6,000 spectators were in the big arena when the preliminary was ready to go on. Jemmy Rose and Eugene Garcia provided the opening bout of six rounds at catch weights. Charley White was the referee. Teddy Foley kept the time and handled the gong, and Joe Humphreys was master of ceremonies. In the fourth round, as the boys were fighting hard, Rose accidentally landed an uppercut below the belt. Garcia protested to the referee, who promptly disqualified Rose. The decision was perhaps a trifle hasty, as Rose committed no intentional foul. The time of the round was 1min 4sec. The crowd had increased by this time to about 10,000, and more were coming in every minute. Aside from the straight betting on the result of the big bout, George Considine wagered 1,000dols. against 250dols. that McGovern would not stop Erne in five rounds. Several other wagers of this kind were made, but they were mere gambles. Collars were completely wilted, and many shirts were wringing from the heat. Had the management provided a number of electric fans there might have been some relief, but as it was the great throng was compelled to sit still and boil within. Another preliminary was soon provided, Harry Harris, of Chicago, and Tony Moran, of this city, met in the second affair, which was a ten rounds bout at catch-weights. It was a fight hardly fit for the sidewalk, and after the limit was reached in tiresome style Harris received the decision. There was so much McGovern money in the house then that Terry was rapidly installed a favourite at 100 to 80. In some cases 8 to 5 was offered on the Brooklyn boy. Both men were in the building at 10 o'clock and stripped for the battle. McGovern's seconds were Sam Harris, Charlie Mayhood, Danny Dougherty, and Charley Lee. Erne's handlers were Jemmy Fitzpatrick, George Saltz, and Frank Zimpfer. Before the men appeared the sweltering crowd stood up and stretched and prayed for a breath of fresh air. All eyes were turned to the Fourth Avenue side of the building, from which the star pugilists were to come. It was announced that the men were weighing in, and that they would be ready in five minutes. During the wait Jem Corbett had a friendly argument with "Kid" McCoy about the fight, and finally wound up by betting the "Kid" 6,000dols to 1,000dols that McGovern would get the decision. This was the signal for wagers of a similar price. When the men got on the scales Erne was stripped to the skin. He did not move the beam at all. Neither did McGovern, who had on sweater, trousers, and shoes. It was estimated that Erne weighed 127½, and McGovern all of 125lb. There was the best of feeling between them, and a friendly handshake before they came into the arena, where the patient crowd was ready to welcome them royally. Erne was the first to enter the ring. He received a long, loud cheer, and bowed rather nervously. He wore a long bath-robe, which he threw aside promptly and stood up, eyeing the crowd over the ropes. Erne wore bandages on his hands, and a black pair of trunks. He was trained down very fine, but looked strong. When he sat down on his stool an immense floral horseshoe was brought to the side of the ring and handed to him. It was from friends at Fairhaven, N.J., where Erne trained. McGovern jumped into the opposite corner while this ceremony was going on and the crowd broke into a great roar. He wore pink trunks and a green belt, and pulled off a blue and white striped sweater. Like Erne, Terry had his hands bandaged. Erne's timekeeper was Rod McMahon. McGovern's timekeeper was Patrick H. Sullivan. While the men got ready Jack O'Brien, the well-known light-weight, was introduced. O'Brien had it announced that he would meet Erne at the light-weight limit and would make a lighter weight for McGovern later on. George McFadden, another light-weight of note, got into the ring and said he wanted to fight Erne or O'Brien. McGovern's manager had it announced that he was the feather-weight champion, and was willing to meet anyone in the world at 123lb, and that O'Brien was not wanted. Oscar Gardner also put in a challenge to fight Erne at 128lb in case he defeated McGovern. He also said he would meet McGovern and stop him in ten rounds or forfeit 1,000dols. McGovern accepted Gardner's challenge at the feather-weight limit. When the men were introduced there was the usual cheering, Erne receiving more applause than the Brooklyn boy. There was no preliminary argument, and they were ready to shake hands at 10.40 o'clock.

THE GREAT FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

FIRST ROUND.

McGovern started with a rush, and Erne put in a quick left in the face. The blow rather pulled Terry up, for he did not come in again with quickness for a moment, but soon he was after his man with right and left in a mix up. Erne blocked a few of the blows, but they came so fast that he was forced to clinch. Again McGovern rushed in like a tiger, but Erne shook him with a left in the chin, and McGovern went to his knees for a full count. Terry was laughing when he got up and ran into a clinch. Erne, holding McGovern, did not wait when they got free, but bored in with heavy swings again, his right catching Erne on the jaw and making him stagger. McGovern put him in right and left to the nose, and brought the blood. Then he piled in with more swings that were frightful in power, and Erne clinched for all he was worth. McGovern was irrepressible. He cut loose with smashes in the body and on the jaw until Erne held on in clinches. McGovern paid no attention to any blows that Erne put into him, but went on hammering with tremendous force. A right in the body brought another clinch from Erne, and a heavy left on the nose covered Frank's face with blood. McGovern was too fast in his attack, and his blows were heavier in every way than those of the light-weight champion.

SECOND ROUND.

McGovern immediately rushed in with swings for the head. Erne clinched him, and they roughed it with hands free, Erne reaching the jaw with a heavy left. McGovern was on top of him, though, and drove him against the post with a hard rush. Erne was on the defensive, and as McGovern came boring again he shot in a hard left to Terry's nose. McGovern missed a couple of wild swings, and Erne caught him on the ear with a swinging left. They were clinched again, and the referee had hard work in breaking them apart. Then they sparred a moment, McGovern rushing Erne and receiving a stiff left on the throat, which sent his head back. Terry laughed and ran in again, but this time Erne roughed it with him and missed a tremendous right which he shot across the jaw. McGovern, instead of breaking ground, after escaping this blow, ran in with a swing to the head. Erne met two more rushes with straight lefts well delivered, but McGovern did not retreat and stood in close, slugging away with wonderful strength. Erne's tactics changed, and he was fighting his man solely with his left hand at long range. He was effective at this style, and the crowd broke into frenzied cheering. Still, McGovern did the fighting to the end, and the round wound up in the most sensational manner.

THIRD ROUND.

McGovern started the game again with a left for the head and a right into the stomach. These blows came so fast that Erne had no time to block them. But as Terry advanced again Erne shot a straight left to the face, and put the right over, missing the jaw. McGovern stepped in close again, and with a tremendous right he split open Erne's nose. They got into a clinch, and McGovern lifted Erne off the floor. Terry was after his man with a right and left now, and fought Erne into repeated clinches. McGovern stood close, and ripped in right and left to the head, Erne clinching and holding fast. McGovern countered hard to ribs and stomach, and with a left on the jaw he made Erne stagger. Erne was game, and fought back with desperation. McGovern smashed him on the jaw with right and left, and knocked him down. Erne was bleeding from the nose and mouth, and took a full count. When he got up McGovern sailed into him all ablaze. Erne was choking from blood and gasping for breath. McGovern smashed him heavily on the jaw, and Erne stood for a fierce mix-up. He was dazed but filled with pluck. McGovern rained the blows upon him in countless manner. Erne was literally beaten to the floor. The blood gushed out of his mouth and nose in a stream. As Referee White started to count the seconds Erne smiled faintly as he gasped for breath. His throat was filled with blood, and he could not get it clear. But he was willing to stand up again and take a further chance. McGovern was ready for him as soon as he got upon his feet, and with a volley of tremendous smashes in the face he made the light-weight champion reel like a drunken man. Down fell Erne for the third time, his knees weakened so that he could not keep his feet, and his face bathed in gore. As he struggled up once more one of his seconds mercifully threw up the sponge and ended the fight. McGovern was pronounced the winner, and there was an immediate rush for the ring, both to shake him by the hand and to look at the defeated pugilist. Erne's nose was broken, which was probably the reason why his seconds thought it best for him not to continue a hopeless fight. McGovern bore no marks, but he was puffing considerably himself when the end came. This was due to over-exertion more than to any blows that Erne landed. He had no marks upon his face. The police had to be called upon to drive the crowd back, after which the fighters proceeded out of the ring, Erne with the sympathy of the crowd, and McGovern receiving an ovation all the way to his dressing-room. The time of the round was 2min 18secs. Erne had considerable difficulty in reaching his dressing-room. Deputy-chief of Police McLaughlin finally secured room for him to move, and he got out of the public gaze. He was rather dazed when his seconds rubbed him down and cooled him off. Dr. D. F. Donaouley immediately attended to Erne's nose. The light-weight champion was pretty well broken up over his defeat, and refused to be consoled.

MEASUREMENTS OF TERRY McGOVERN.

Height	5 ft. 3 inches
Neck	14½ inches
Chest	33½ inches
Chest expanded	35½ inches
Waist	27½ inches
Biceps	12 inches
Forearm	10 inches
Thigh	19½ inches
Calf	13 inches
Reach	65 inches
Weight	126 pounds
Age	21 years

MEASUREMENTS OF FRANK ERNE.

Height	5 ft. 7 inches
Neck	15 inches
Chest	35 inches
Waist	27½ inches
Biceps	12½ inches
Forearm	11½ inches
Thigh	20 inches
Calf	13½ inches
Reach	68 inches
Weight	128 pounds
Age	25 years

TERRY McGOVERN'S RECORD.

1897.	
Won from Frank Barnes	10 rounds
Won from Eddie Avery	4 rounds
Won from "Kid" Dougherty	10 rounds
Won from Tom McDermott	10 rounds
Won from Eddie Goodbody	10 rounds
Won from Billy Barrett	10 rounds
Knocked out Jack Leon	7 rounds
Won from Jack Regan	6 rounds
Won from Jack Doyle	6 rounds
Draw with Eddie Goodbody	6 rounds
Won from Charley Roden	6 rounds
Knocked out Jack Kelly	2 rounds
1898.	
Won from Billy Maynard	8 rounds
Won from "Pinky" Evans	8 rounds
Knocked out Fred Mayo	6 rounds
Draw with George Munroe	20 rounds
Knocked out George Munroe	24 rounds
Lost on foul, Tim Callahan	8 rounds
Won on foul, George Munroe	7 rounds
Draw with Tim Callahan	20 rounds
Knocked out Eugene Garcia	5 rounds
Knocked out Harry Forbes	15 rounds
Knocked out Tim Callahan	10 rounds
Knocked out Paddy Donovan	3 rounds
Knocked out Jemmy Rose	2 rounds
Won from Austin Rice	14 rounds
1899.	
Knocked out Casper Leon	12 rounds
Knocked out Patsey Haley	18 rounds
Won from Joe Bernstein	25 rounds
Knocked out Sammy Kelly	5 rounds
Knocked out Billy Barrett	10 rounds
Won from Johnny Richie	3 rounds
Knocked out "Pedlar" Palmer	1 round
Won from Fred Snyder	2 rounds
Knocked out Billy Rotchford	1 round
Knocked out Patsey Haley	1 round
Knocked out Bill Smith	3 rounds
Knocked out Eddie Sprague	2 rounds
Knocked out Harry Forbes	2 rounds
1900.	
Knocked out George Dixon	8 rounds
Knocked out Jack Ward	1 round
Knocked out Eddie Santry	5 rounds
Knocked out Oscar Gardner	3 rounds
Knocked out Eddie Lenny	2 rounds
No decision, Tommy White	6 rounds
Won from Tommy Warren	1 round
No decision, Elwood McCluskey	6 rounds
Knocked out Tommy White	3 rounds
Won from George Dixon	6 rounds
Beat Frank Erne	3 rounds

FRANK ERNE'S RECORD.

1894.	
Draw with Solly Smith	10 rounds
Draw with George Siddons	10 rounds
1895.	
Knocked out Joe Leonard	2 rounds
Knocked out Joe Craig	3 rounds
Knocked out Jack Skelly	7 rounds
Knocked out Jack Skelly	9 rounds
Draw with George Dixon	10 rounds
Draw with Young Griffo	4 rounds
1896.	
Draw with Jack Downey	10 rounds
Knocked out Larry Burns	5 rounds
Draw with Jack Downey	8 rounds
Draw with Jack Downey	12 rounds
Won from George Dixon	20 rounds
1897.	
Lost to Martin Flaherty	20 rounds
Lost to George Dixon	25 rounds
Won from Joe Hopkins	18 rounds
Knocked out Larry Becker	5 rounds
Draw with Jem Paff	20 rounds
Draw with Jack Downey	21 rounds
1898.	
Won from Harry Lemons	20 rounds
Draw with George Lavigne	21 rounds
1899.	
Knocked out Dal Hawkins	7 rounds
Won from George McFadden	25 rounds
Won from George Lavigne	20 rounds
Draw with Jack O'Brien	25 rounds
1900.	
Won from Jack Daly	6 rounds
Won from Joe Gans	12 rounds
Beaten by Terry McGovern	3 rounds

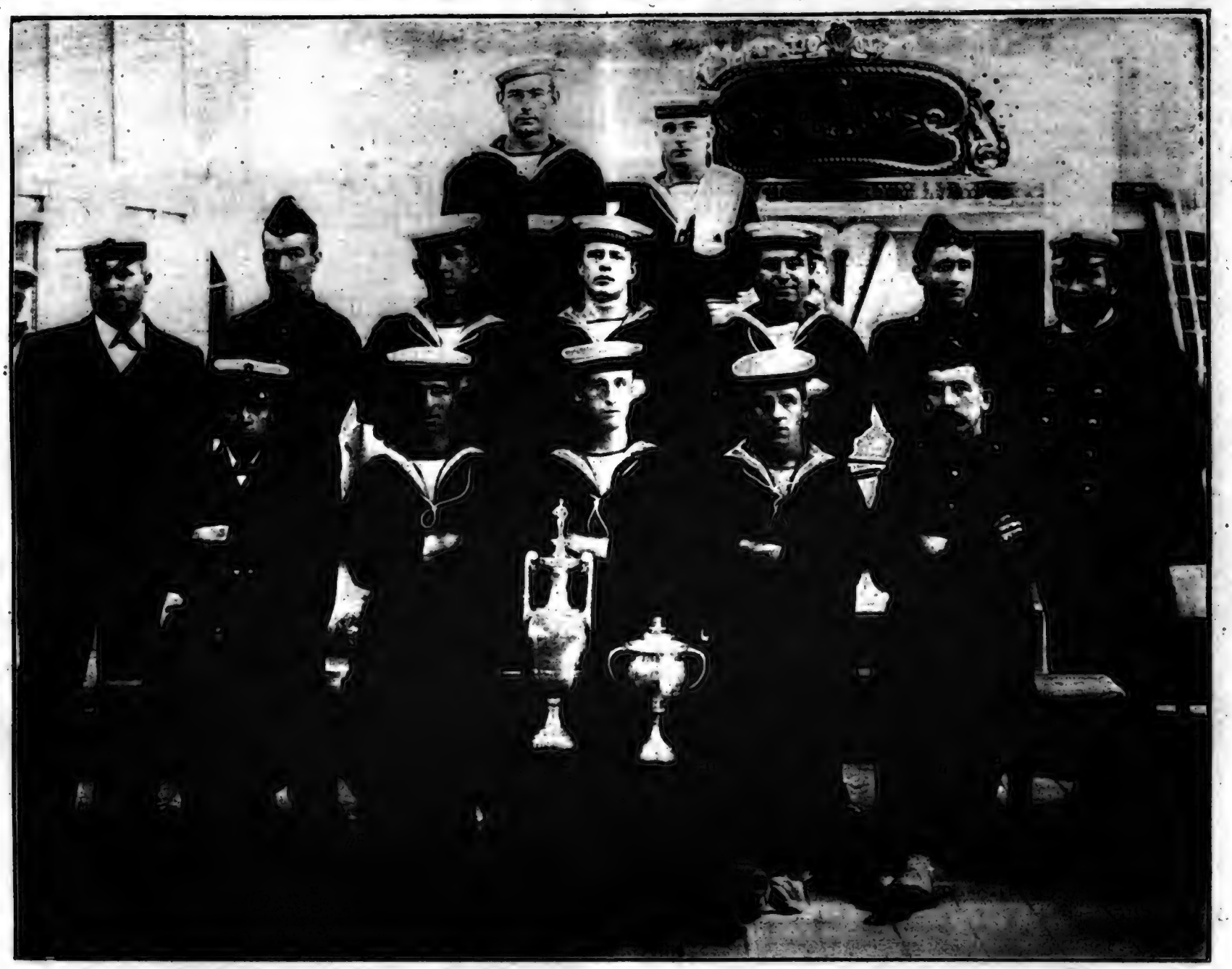
WHAT FRANK ERNE SAYS:

"McGovern is a great fighter, the best the world has ever seen, and under the conditions of this match I must acknowledge him my master. I was fairly whipped and that's all there is to it. The fruits of my years of fighting in the ring are gone, and I have been defeated by a lad who is certainly strong and clever. Was I weak at the weight? Well, yes, I rather think I was. Mind you, I don't care to discuss or belittle McGovern's victory. But all losers have excuses. I have only one, and that is that I undertook more than I could do. I only weighed 128½ pounds to-day, and I did not have to try very hard to get to this scale, for I have little superfluous flesh to take off. I was not in what I would consider to be my best condition. McGovern reached my jaw often, but it was the body blows that really licked me. I knew that I was all gone, and I soon found that I was unable to hurt him. I caught him many times on the vital spot, but I could not stop him. It's all over now, and that's all I have to say." "Will you defend the light-weight championship?" I asked. Erne paused for a moment and said: "No, McGovern can have the honours; I have retired for good. I meant to quit several years ago, but I yielded to the wishes of my friends and fought once too often." McGovern was surrounded by a crowd of friends in his dressing-room as soon as he arrived there. He did not have a scratch upon his face, and was just as strong in limb and wind as when he entered the ring.

TERRY McGOVERN SAYS:

"I do not care to assume Erne's title and defend it, for I am a feather-weight, and that is good enough just at present. If, however, McFadden, O'Brien, Gans, or any of the other light-weights want any of my game I will take any or all of them on at 128lb, ringside, the same conditions that prevailed to-night. I weighed exactly 121lb when I got into the ring, and was not as strong as I have been in other contests. I went after Erne from the start with the idea of beating him down, as I knew that was my best style of fighting. Still I did not expect to see the fight end so quickly, and am overjoyed at the result. Erne is a game fellow, and put up a hard fight. He did not knock me down in the first round. I slipped down and was not at all hurt. Erne hit me while I was in that position, but it was an accident, and I would not be justified in claiming any foul. I am going to take a good long rest now, and let some of the other fighters get a piece of the money."

(*Continued on page* 14.)



Photographed by C. Cozens, Somers Road, Southsea.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE ROYAL NAVAL DEPOT AT PORTSMOUTH.

Winners of the United Service League Cup and the Hampshire Junior Cup, and Runners Up for the Portsmouth Senior Cup.

JOHN CHINAMAN WALKED OFF TO THE LOCK-UP.

Fastened by their Pigtails Saves Hand-cuffing the Celestials.

"YOUNG GRIFFO."

Albert Griffiths, of Sydney, New South Wales, who was Knocked Out in Eight Rounds by Joe Gans at the Seaside Athletic Club, New York, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 11.)

BOB FITZSIMMONS' OPINION:

Terry had the punch and Erne didn't. The champion's cleverness could not keep him away from McGovern's rushes. The little Brooklynite did not mind Erne's punches. Although he hit him repeatedly in the jaw he fought on gamely, and finally landed the winning blow. McGovern is wonderfully strong for his size. He will be a hard man to beat.

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

JIM CORBETT KNEW IT.

I knew McGovern would defeat Erne under the conditions. I did not think the lad would come so strong, but the result shows that my predictions were correct.

JIM CORBETT.

THE FASTEST FIGHT I EVER SAW.

It was the fastest battle I ever saw. Erne put up a great battle while it lasted, but he did not appear as strong as McGovern. The latter took considerable punishment in the second round, but Erne's blows did little harm. Erne showed his cleverness from the start, and proved that he was a game lad. It will be a long time before McGovern meets his master at the weight.

CHARLEY WHITE.

NO ONE IN HIS CLASS.

McGovern is in a class all by himself. Erne made a grand showing in the opening rounds, but did not seem to have the punch. A fighter has yet to be found to give Terry his quietus.

GEORGE SILER.

THE PITMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

JONATHAN LAMBERT AND JAMES CONLON FOR £80

NEXT SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, Jonathan Lambert, of Smalwell, and James Conlon, of Whickham, are matched to box the best of twenty rounds at catch-weights at the Hexham House Saloon for the Pitmen's Heavy-weight Championship, £25 a-side, and Mr. Lowe's purse of £30. Both the men are in active training for the contest, Lambert being located at Hendon in charge of Jack Mutten, whilst Conlon is in training from the Volunteer, North Shields, with J. Doyle as his mentor. In this match Mr. Lowes is stakeholder, and the editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE appoints referee.

PERCY LAYCOCK SEEING J. Fulton, of Newcastle, challenges any lad in Yorkshire at 9st 6lb, Percy Laycock would like to box him at that weight for £25 a-side or a purse only, or will fight any lad in Yorkshire or Lancashire at 9st 2lb for £25, open to £50 a-side.

A MATCH HAS BEEN ARRANGED between Dai Rees, of Cwmavon, known as "Ruller," and John Jenkins, of Port Talbot, to box the best of twenty rounds, strictly Marquis of Queensberry rules, for £25 a-side. A well-known gentleman of the neighbourhood is stakeholder and all the money is deposited in his hands, £50. To box in Wales at a club who will offer the biggest purse, failing a purse offered to box at a place naturally agreed upon.—(Signed) John Jenkins, David Rees; Wm. J. Davies, W. John, witnesses.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM Trooper Ham, late Bill Ham, of Barnsbury will be read with interest:—

Maitland Camp,
Cape Town,
South Africa.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—It's with much pleasure I am writing to you now, as you know we have been very busy since we landed here last October, 1899. I came down from Pretoria on June 24, and arrived here on Friday, July 6, 1900, having stopped a week in Kroonstad, and now I am having a good rest, and not before I wanted it, I can tell you. Ten months on the veldt with one blanket and oil-sheet is not all honey, and to go through forty-eight engagements as well. I think I have pretty well earned the rest I am having. I was pretty weak when I came down, but I am strong and well now, and I hope to be able to write and tell you before the end of the month that I am the middle-weight champion of South Africa, as I am meeting Kennedy for that honour some time this month at the National Sporting Club of South Africa. I have met nearly all the boys from home. I met Corporal Smith, 10th Hussars, up at Bronkerspruit. He looks well, in fact, everybody does now. We are all used to the veldt life now, but we shall all be glad to see the last of it. Now I am sending you the account of the night's sport at the National Sporting Club of South Africa, Monday, July 9, 1900. Now, will you remember me to all the old friends at home, "Cock Robin" and the Johnsons, Arthur Gutteridge, "Tubby" Castle, "Dido" Plumb and Ted Beach, and Mr. Ward, of the Railway Tavern, Barnsbury.—I am, yours truly,

BILL HAM, 9th Lancers,
Late Barnsbury.

JAMES GREIG, OF NEWCASTLE, resides at 10, Brown Street, Glasgow, writes to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office; I am prepared now to match James Gordon, of Elgin, against Will Cunningham, of Clydebank, for £10 or £20 a-side at 10st 2lb, either give or take 1lb. A match can be arranged at once. Greig is quite prepared to match him.

VITAL POWER.

If you suffer from Spermatorrhœa, Exhausted Vitality, Loss of Energy, Weakness, Despondency, Premature Decay, Varicocele, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Blotches on the Skin, Dimness of Sight, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, Noises in the Ears, Kidney or Liver Complaints, or any disease of the Bladder or Urinary Organs, do not fail to send a stamped addressed envelope to:—GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq., Colne House, Rembrandt Rd., Lee, London, S.E. (Name this paper.)

NOTICE.

Pressure on our space necessitates Important Boxing News being held over until next week.

ARRIVAL OF GEORGE GARDINER.

AMERICA'S SECOND BEST MIDDLE-WEIGHT, AND HIS MANAGER, MR. OWEN KENNEY, AT THE "MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

LET IT BE KNOWN THAT GEORGE Gardiner arrived from Lowell, Mass., America, on Thursday evening last, on the New England, accompanied by his manager, Mr. Owen Kenney, of Manchester, N.H., putting up at the Inns of Court Hotel, prior to visiting the National Sporting Club, in company with a representative of the "Mirror of Life" on Friday afternoon. George Gardiner, who is the second best middle-weight in America, after "Kid" McCoy, is a very taking young fellow. Standing, as he does, some 5ft. 11in. high, he looks the beau ideal of a middle-weight. Gardiner's lowest fighting-weight is 11st., and as he wishes to get to work immediately he does not bar any middle-weight in England, Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler") or "Dido" Plumb for choice. As "Dido" Plumb is at the present time at Portsmouth training Johnny Hughes for the latter's match with Johnson, "Dido" will no doubt willingly respond to the stranger's challenge, provided a suitable purse can be fixed up. In next week's issue we shall publish Gardiner's photo; also his record.

THE BARNSBURY BOXING CLUB and the A.B.A.—We have received the following letter from the above club; and noticing the latitude allowed to some clubs at the expense of others we consider the attitude taken by the Barnsbury Club one which will no doubt be followed by many more affiliated to the A.B.A.:—

NOTICE.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—At the general meeting, held 24th inst., at headquarters of the Barnsbury Boxing Club, 55, Barnsbury Road, in consequence of what we consider to have been most unfair treatment, to detail which would occupy too much valuable space, we have decided to withdraw from the A.B.A., and consider that our club will reap advantages thereby, as it is our intention to frame a set of rules which will give boxers and all connected with boxing more satisfaction than is to be obtained by boxing under the rules of the A.B.A. The season will commence the second Tuesday in August (instead of the first Tuesday in October as in past seasons), in order to give old and new members extra practice, as an entertainment has been arranged for an early date, full particulars of which will be duly announced. The committee respectfully ask old members to forward in the columns of the MIRROR OF LIFE, or to the Hon. Sec., Barnsbury Boxing Club, their reasons for not competing in the past seasons in competitions held under A.B.A. rules, in view of presenting same at the next general meeting. The President, C. Harvey, Esq., and the following vice-presidents will continue their patronage as in past seasons: W. R. Brown, Esq., J. C. Ficken, Esq., T. G. White, Esq., A. Mears, Esq., R. Wooden, Esq., T. Jackson, Esq., A. Edwards, Esq., W. O. Roberts, Esq., W. W. Smith, Esq., A. Constant, Esq., H. Roberts Esq., S. Birkin, Esq., R. Edwards, Esq., F. Dennis, Esq., J. Cannon, Esq., J. Harrison, Esq.

T. S. NEWTON,
Assist. Hon. Sec.,
(pp.) W. Gatward.

July 25, 1900.

SAM PARKER, OF LEEDS, IN REPLY to Jack Fulton, of Newcastle, is willing to accommodate him on the terms mentioned providing he will leave a substantial deposit to guarantee his appearance in the ring for a purse worth training for in three weeks' time.

UGO BIONDI THIS WEEK COMpletes a very successful engagement at the Metropolitan.

MR. VERNON DOWSETT HAS A brilliant programme up his sleeve for August Bank Holiday which will no doubt fill the Tivoli to overflowing.

THE LONDON (SHOREDITCH) ALways appears crowded, and Mr. E. B. Barnes proves to his patrons that he judges their tastes to a nicety. Dunville, Miss Marie Kendall, and a host of favourites are here this week. There will be an entire change of company for Bank Holiday.

MANY OLD AND TRIED FAVOURITES occupy the boards at the Royal, where Mr. Teddy Swanborough beams on crowded houses nightly.

SADLER'S WELLS HOLDS ITS own with its two-houses-a-night system. Miss Kitty Robinson, described as a "little lump of lyrical loveliness," is going strong here.

SOME NEW AND CAPITAL PICtures were turned on at the Palace on Wednesday last; they should prove highly interesting. The rest of the programme is, as usual here, A1.

THE LATEST THING IN SKETCHES is "The Shaughraun," which Fred Maxwell and company are appearing in at the Middlesex.

THE MAJORITY OF THE THEATRES have succumbed to the hot weather and have closed their doors. Capital business is, however, being done at the Great Queen Street Theatre with the evergreen "Private Secretary," with Penley as the curate.

THE NEW EDISONOGRAPH IS showing some very fine pictures of a varied order at Gatti's (Road).

THE ELECTRIC DANCERS APpearing in the "Casino Girl" at the Shaftesbury are one of the many "hits" of the evening.

THE LAST NIGHTS OF "KITTY Grey" are announced at the Vaudeville Those who have not seen this strikingly original comedy ought to hurry up. They will not regret their visit.

THE ALBERT AND EDMUNDS troupe finish at the Queen's, Poplar, this week after a very successful run of some weeks. Pat Rafferty continues a strong card with his "What Do You Think of the Irish Now?" which he asks nightly to much applause. The charming Sisters Preston and the marvellous dancing of Miss Dollie Corelli are also excellent turns. Mr. Fred Harris has a very fine programme for Monday next, including Charles Lauri and Company, Tom White's Arabs, and other well-known artistes.

THE RE-APPEARANCE OF SIGnorita Consuelo Tortajada, the famous Spanish Chanteuse et Danseuse at the Alhambra, is one of the features of this week's programme, other new turns are Mdlle Elvira, trapezist; Miss Audrey Stafford, vocalist; Mdlle Caita's performing cats and dogs (first appearance in England); Brother Schwarz, parodists; and Charles and Frederick; it should also be mentioned that Rudinoff finishes here this week, that the "Soldiers of the Queen" military ballet is going as well as ever, and that fresh photos from the front are being shown to loud applause.

THE OXFORD PROGRAMME NUMbers many turns, and all good. Charles Bignell is singing a song which might aptly be entitled "Naming the Baby." The Abdullah Arabs always furnish a more or less exciting turn; they are models of strength, and when they come to their tumbling or whirligig part of the show the scene is a very animated one, their yelling and excited gestures adding to the business. George Bastow sings a good song anent a tack and the trouble it caused, Miss Ida Heath, young and fresh as ever, is loudly applauded for her various styles of dancing. Ernest Shand, with a coat cut very full in the skirts, handsome Miss Dagmar, Griffiths Brothers, clever hat throwers, Gus Elen, with his "Mrs. Carter" song, Tom Leamore, the broken-down swell, Miss Vesta Tilley, Zarmo, in a liberal-fitting suit and a very funny juggling turn, and many others help with the fun.

DAVE.

HOW SHE REVENGED HERSELF UPON HER TRADUCER.

Used a Policeman's Truncheon on His Head.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT is not very often that the weaker sex are found taking the law into their own hands to redress a wrong against that wretched being—man; but a lady whose fair fame had been sullied provoked Madam Jules to inflict punishment in her own way. With her husband and a stout cudgel she waited for her detractor near the Café de la Paix, and on that gentleman putting in an appearance he met with a reception which took him unexpectedly by surprise. Madam, with revenge at heart, struck him several heavy blows, nearly rendering him unconscious, and it was only the timely arrival of a gendarme that saved him from further punishment.

THE EMIGRANT LOST ALL HE POSSESSED.

Thieves Cut Out His Pocket and Secured His Money.

(Subject of Illustration.)

POLISH Jews, and men and women from every continental city, find a haven of rest in the East-End of London, where they are known as foreigners. In some cases they arrive with a little money and a large family. Some less fortunate have absolutely nothing, and are pauper aliens. One young Russian last week told a pitiful tale that while travelling with others of his kind to these hospitable shores, he awoke one morning to find his pocket cut out, and his little wealth, which was to start him in the New World gone, so that his savings of a lifetime vanished into dishonest hands, and lost for ever.

CURIOUS FIND IN THE BARBER'S POCKET.

His Assistant Puts Out a Small Snake.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A BLACK barber and his assistant had a queer experience and a sharp fright while attending to a couple of customers. The barber felt a strange movement in his breast coat pocket. The assistant placed his hand in and drew forth a small snake, which, although harmless of the kind, he quickly decapitated with his razor. The barber went through his other pockets, but was not rewarded with another find of a like nature. How the reptile came into his coat, or where it came from, is a mystery.

IN A BEER-GARDEN AT DRESDEN.

How the German Families Spend Their Evenings.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AFTER the day's labour is over the residents of Dresden and other cities of Germany leave their homes and the whole family make their way to the beer-garden where, in the cool of the summer evening, they sit and listen to the music and sip their lager. The very youngest play around their elders sitting at the different tables, and the more youthful stroll about thoroughly enjoying themselves. As darkness comes on the gardens are illuminated and produce a very pretty effect with the small coloured lamps on the tables and hung among the tall shrubbery and trees with a very pleasing aspect.

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will find SULPHUR BITTERS a wonderful invigorant, giving strength to their tottering footsteps, and enabling them to enjoy life, as they have not done before for years. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best family medicine made, and no household is complete without it.

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One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches, and sores. Keep the blood pure, and health will follow. SULPHUR BITTERS, the great blood purifier, will cleanse the blood of all vitiated matter, and instead of pale, thin blood, by using this great remedy your blood will soon course freely, pure, rich, and strong through the veins.

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Have you pains in the back? Are you always weary and tired? Do you sometimes feel cold creeping shivers up the small of your back? It is kidney trouble. Do not delay. SULPHUR BITTERS will remove every bad feeling and make you feel well and strong. Do you raise wind? Do you feel dull and oppressed? Have you gnawing pain after eating? Are you irritable and easily angered? It is dyspepsia and indigestion. SULPHUR BITTERS is a sure and speedy cure, performing its work thoroughly. It will make you feel like a new man or woman in a week. Are you troubled with costiveness? Are you dizzy when you bend down and raise yourself again? Do you see all the colours floating before your eyes? Your liver is out of order. SULPHUR BITTERS is an immediate and certain cure. Is your nervous system broken and unstrung? Do you feel miserable all over? Do you feel it a trouble to attend to your every-day affairs? Do you find it difficult to think clearly and steadily? You are in a very dangerous state—but have courage. SULPHUR BITTERS is the very thing needed to make you well and strong. Do not think that these are idle words. Examine yourself closely. Be convinced, for your own sake, Use SULPHUR BITTERS freely. Your reward will be

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